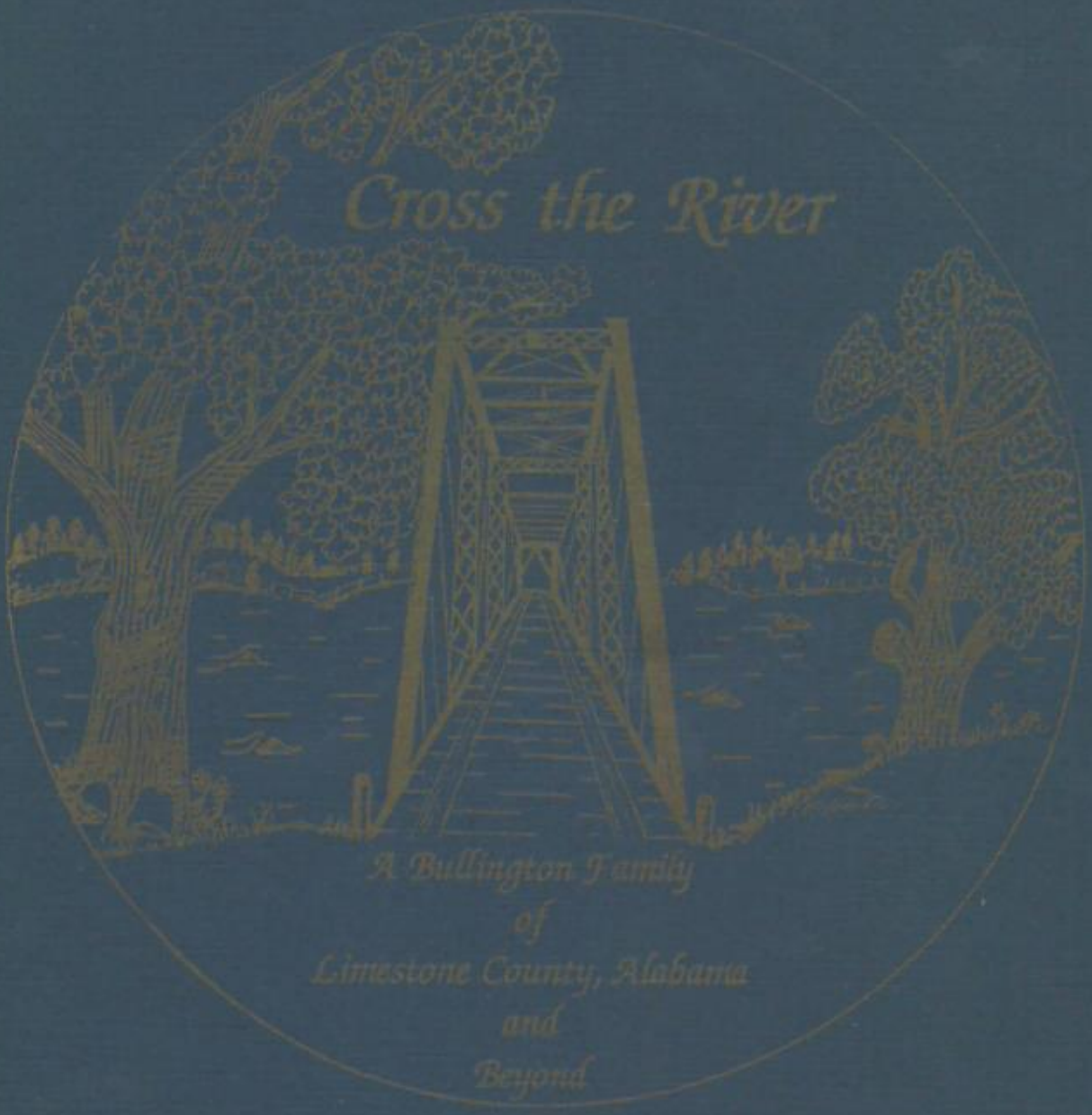

Cross the River
A Bullington Family
of
Limestone County, Alabama
and
Beyond

BOOK II

Copyright 1996 by First Class Printing

Bound and Printed by First Class Printing, Fayetteville, Tennessee, U.S.A.

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 93-71272

Book Design by Thomas H. Bullington, Sr.
Maps and Pencil Drawings by James Crosley Smith
Photographs by Bullington Family Members and Close Friends

The Genealogy Section of Bullington Families in lieu of Index

"CROSS THE RIVER"

BOOK II

by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington

Vital Statistics

of the

Bullingtons of Limestone County, Alabama

and

Updates, Stories, Pictures and Drawings

not

Included in Book I

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword 3
Theme 4
Dedication to Betty Bullington Brown 5
Dedication to Preston (Tubby) Davis 6
Pictures and Drawings 7-22
Genealogy of the Alabama Bullington's 23
Vital Statistics of the Bullingtons 24-43
A Bullington Letter from Virginia 44
West Limestone High School 45-47
A Worthwhile Cause 48-49
The Bullingtons of Arabia 50-54
Picture of T.W. (Wallace) Bullington 55
The Night Pop and I Found Frog Heaven 56-59
My Stories and My Thoughts (by Katherine Stoffregen) 60-62
Life on a Faraway Island (by Ruth Clanton Owens) 63-68
Autobiography of Jason Brown 69-72
News from the Joe/Della Branch (by Freed Bullington) 73-74
Joe and Della and Lake and Ethel (by Tula Merle Craig) 75-76
Update on Blanche and Jesse Clanton Family 77
Louis Bullington and Ann Bullington Families (by Louis) 78-79
Betty Brackeen Dennis Letter 80
Looking Back and Recent Missions (by Inez Bullington Norwood) 81-85
News from Irvin Bullington Family 86
I.N. (Mike) Bullington's Letter 87-89
Wiley B. Bullington (by son Johnny) 90-91
Vea Bullington Brackeen Family (by Elna Toone) 92-93
Martin Hughes Bullington Family (by Crystal Bullington) 94-95
News from Neff Bullington Family (by wife, Betty) 96-97
Update on John Clifford and Ruby Bullington Family 98-100
News from Preston H. Davis Family 101
News from Prentis G. Davis Family 102
News from Wilburn G. Bullington Family 103
Susanna Schaffner's love of "family camp" 104
What's In A Name 105-106
Guest Writer (by Ralph Hastings) 107-110
Stories by Tom Bullington, Sr 111-116
Letter from Inez Bullington Norwood 117-118
Epilogue 119

FOREWORD

The Author wishes to offer apologies for all incorrect spelling and outdated addresses. It is realized that due to the 911 program of late that addresses have changed.

However, in each family line there should be enough current addresses to direct anyone to be able to communicate with any family member.

The Author has included stories from most of the family lines. Due to costs and other legitimate reasons it was impossible to relate stories from everyone. Someone from each family was provided an opportunity to include at least one story from their particular family line. Some responded. Others did not.

The Author expresses appreciation to all Bullington family members for their efforts and participation.

Maybe farther along in history someone will undertake to publish a more complete and better Bullington book. I hope that this "Cross the River", Book II, will provide this person with valuable information and reference material.

Jean and Tom Bullington (1995)

THEME

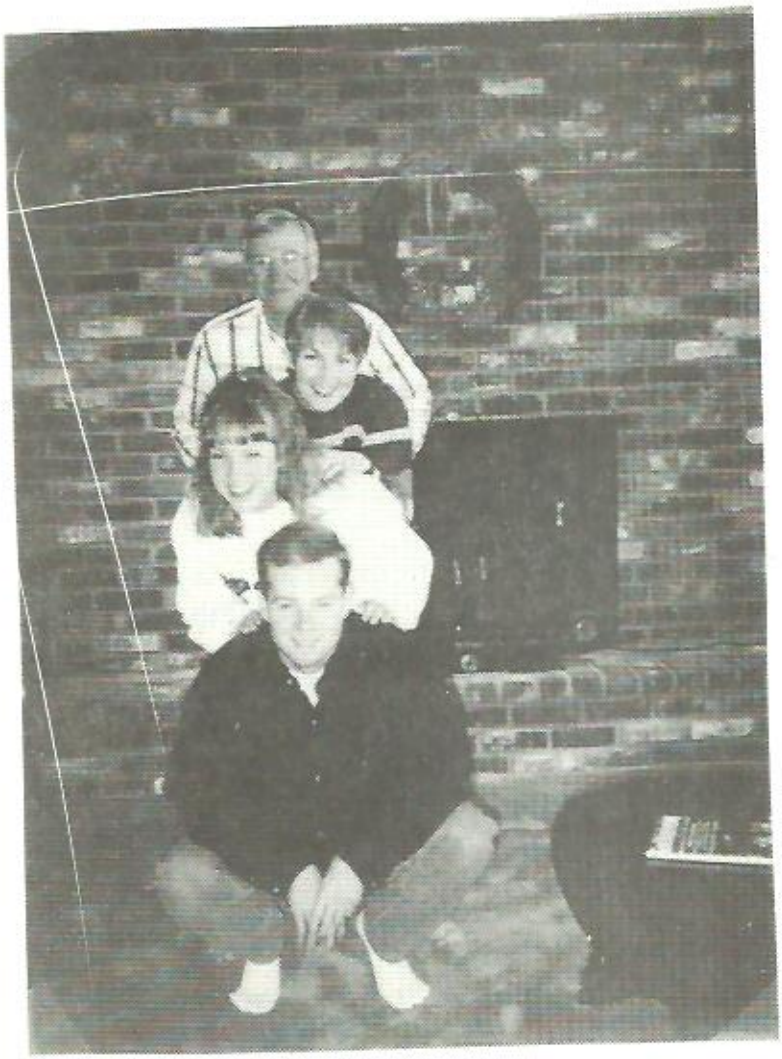
What are you going to give to the world to pay back what you owe for the privilege of living?

Will it be one of these?

A discovery.
A diligent worker.
A good parent.
A good child.
Sharing God's plan.
Writing a book.
Caring for a person in need.
Sharing and teaching a good sense of humor.
Being kind and considerate and affectionate.
Offering a helping hand frequently.
Improving your community and nation.

Or even building a better mousetrap.
Good deeds really do count.
There is no acceptable reason that you cannot make a payback.

L to R:
Alan, Phillip, and Tyler Muns –
Grandsons of Wallace and Valrie Bullington
Sons of Greg and Laurie Bullington M



Bottom to Top:
(Betty Bullington Brown Family)
Jason Michael Brown
Wendy Nacole Brown
Betty Ann Bullington Brown
Richard James Brown, Jr.

IN DEDICATION TO

Betty Bullington Brown
Zionsville, Indiana
Daughter of Tom and Jean Bullington

Without Betty's assistance and tireless and continuing typing and reworking many pages several times following proof reading, this book would have not been completed. I am so grateful to Betty and also to her husband Richard Brown. They have spent countless hours, even days, in responding to the book's needs.

PRESTON HOMER DAVIS

It would be easy to say that my father, Preston Homer Davis, belongs to a different place and time - a place and time where words like honor, devotion, and steadfastness are more than mere words on a page. You do not have to inquire if my father will show up for some engagement he has committed to. If he gives you his word he will be there, you can set your clock by it. Similarly, if he gives you his handshake on a business deal, you would be wise to consider that agreement more binding than any the finest Philadelphia lawyer could negotiate.

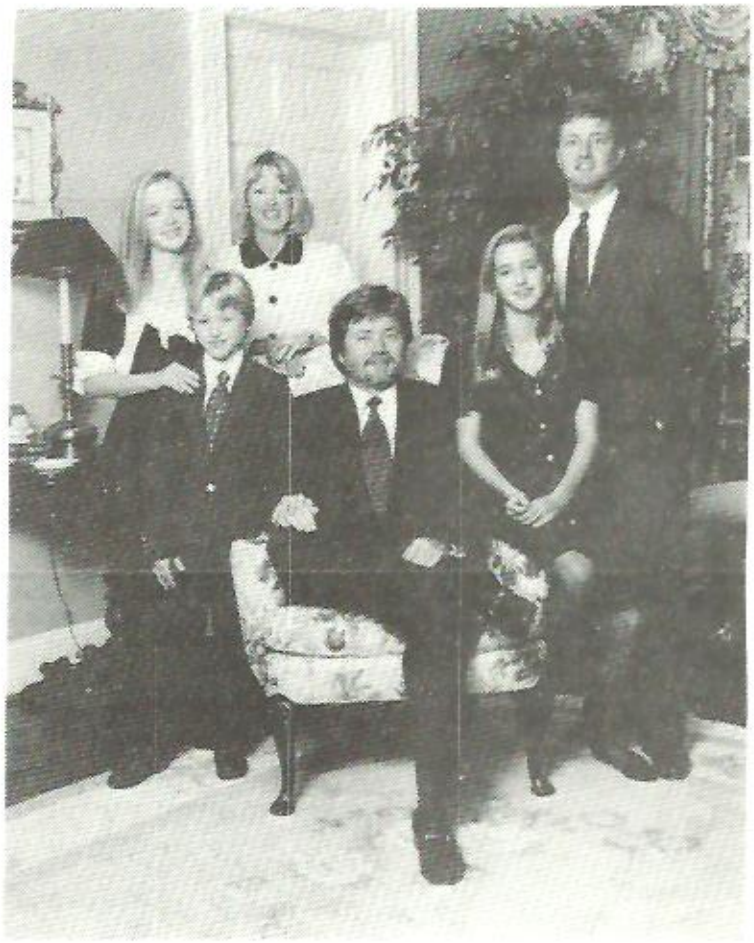
The current days are full of litigation, wars and troubles. Many of these struggles are the most bitter for they involve brother against brother and neighbor against neighbor. It would be easy to think that my father belongs to another place and time in these troubled days. But that is really not true. My father is timeless.

Shakespeare said that to be honest, as the world goes, is to be one in then thousand. The Holy Bible says that it is a wonderful heritage to have an honest father. Now more than ever, the world sorely needs more people like my father, and the lessons he has taught me will endure for as long as I live and as long as I can pass them on to anyone who crosses my path.

Gay N. Davis
(daughter of Preston Davis)
January 8, 1996

Preston (Tubby) Davis
Greensboro, North Carolina
Son of Vona Bullington Davis and Oscar Davis

In appreciation for Preston Homer "Tubby" Davis, and for his encouragement, assistance, and generosity, it is the author's honor and pleasure to dedicate "Cross The River", Part II, to this noble and dedicated member of our family. He has been most thoughtful and generous in being a major factor in the publication of the two books about the Bullington family. We can truthfully say that all that have come his way have been benefited.



Dr. and Mrs. James C. Davis Family

Sitting: Dr. James C. Davis (Jamesie); Betty Ann
Standing Left to Right: Shane, Ashley, Amy Lane, Preston.

Jamesie is the son of Preston and Louise Cribbs Davis. He and his family live at 3564 Tuxedo Road, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia 30305.

Left to Right: Wilson White of Athens, Alabama.
Charles Grisham of Huntsville, Alabama.
Tom Bullington of Fayetteville, Tennessee.

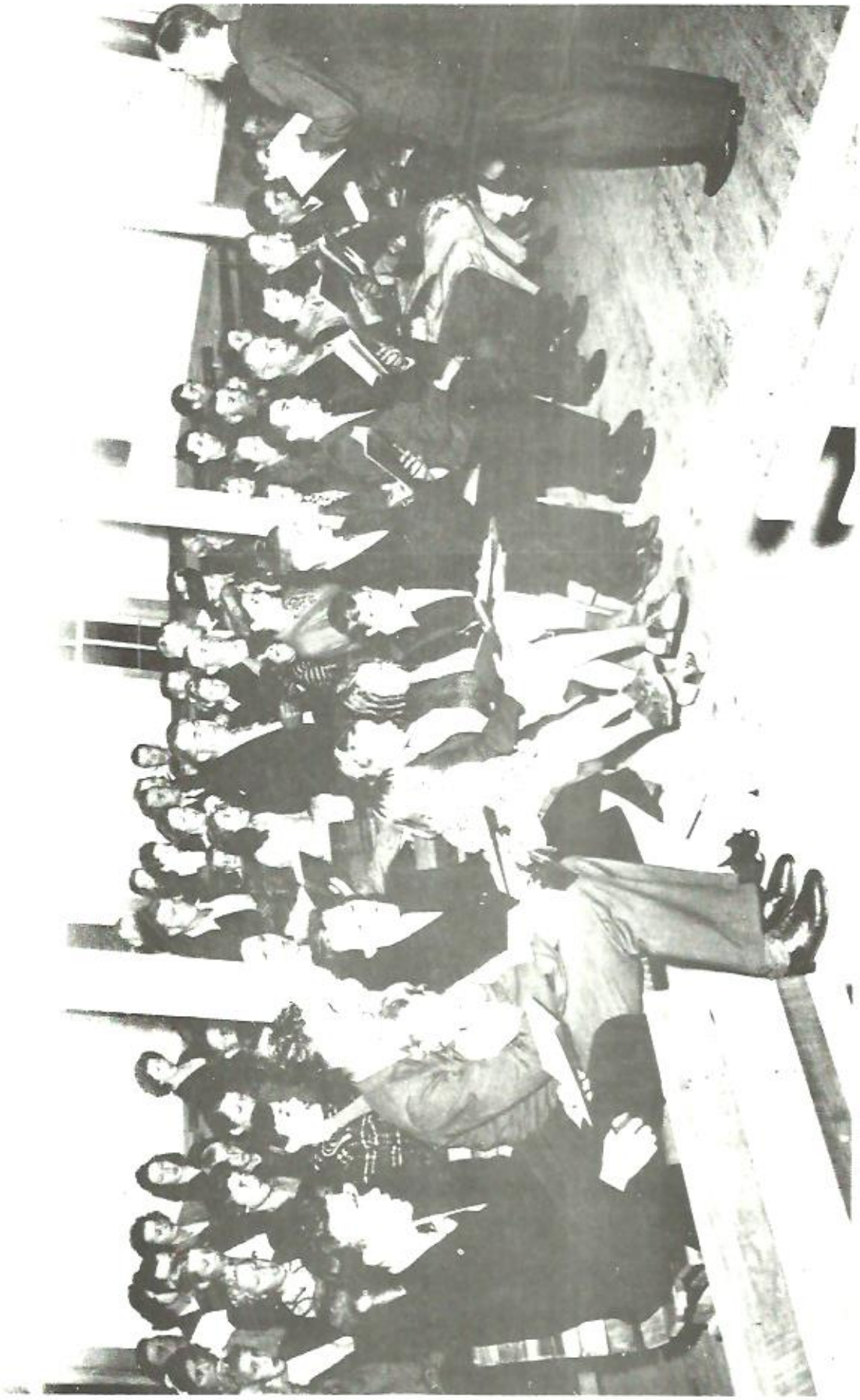
This picture was taken in the late summer of 1995 at the Deep Hollow Ranch located between Pulaski and Columbia, Tennessee. These three friends have experienced several enjoyable South Middle Tennessee trips during 1995. Wilson White and Charles Grisham spent most of their boyhood years in the Cairo community in Western Limestone County. Tom Bullington's boyhood years were lived on the Browns Ferry Road out of Athens, Alabama.

Old Temperance Oak Building Where Many Attended
about the late 1800's.

Old Temperance Oak Church Building
About the late 1800's

PLEASANT VALLEY CHURCH

Preacher, Elders and Wives 1961: Bennie Lee Fudge and Sybil Fudge, Oscar and Vona Davis, Jack and "Lottie" Lindsay, Lake and Ethel Bates, John and Vea Brackeen, Loyd and Rosella Pugh.



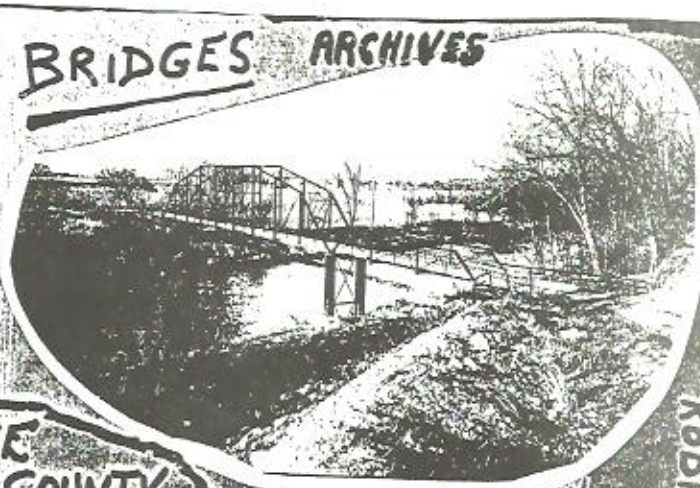
Pleasant Valley Worship - About 1945

NATIONAL IRON BRIDGES ARCHIVES

LIMESTONE COUNTY ALABAMA

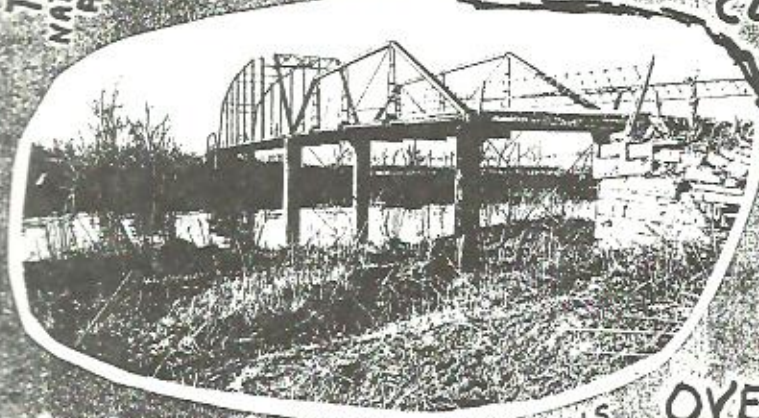
ELK RIVER MILL 1936

TVA NATIONAL ARCHIVES



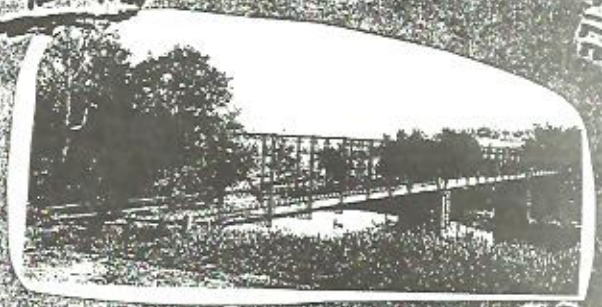
EASTER FERRY CIRCA 1900

KODAK FILE



MAPLES – REDUS SHOALS 1898

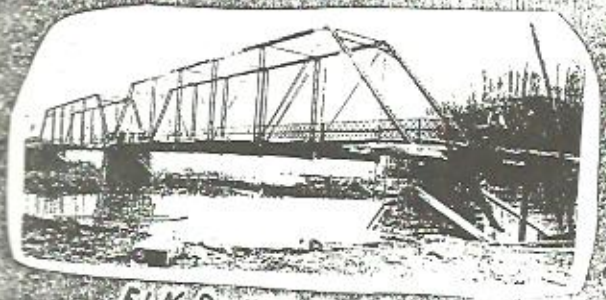
TVA WHEELER DAM PROJECT 1935-36



BUCK ISLAND CIRCA 1880-1936 OLD OLD

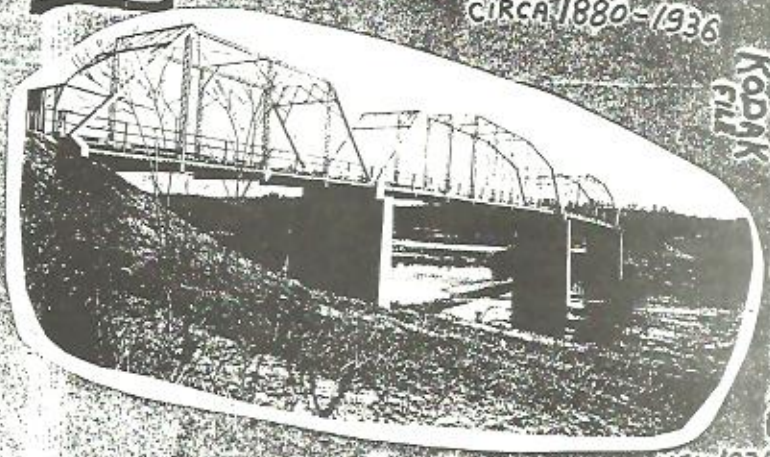
KODAK FILE

OVER



ELK RIVER MILL 1892-1936 ORIGINAL LEVEL

TVA KODAK FILE

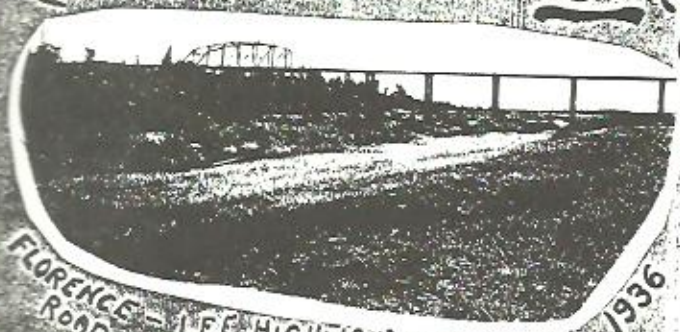


BUCK ISLAND NEW 1936 OLD 1912

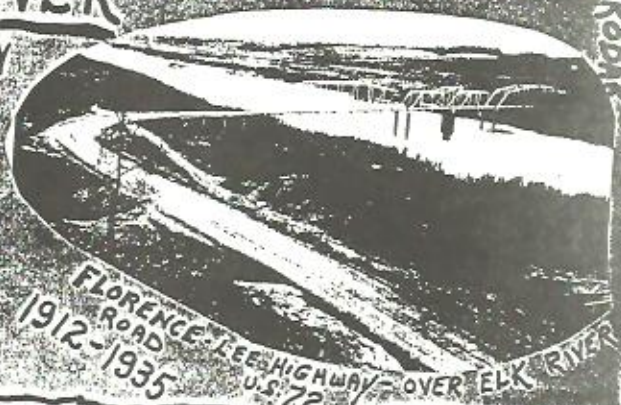
KODAK

ELK RIVER

CROLEY 1995



FLORENCE – LEE HIGHWAY – OVER ELK 1936 ROAD U.S. 72



FLORENCE LEE HIGHWAY – OVER ELK RIVER 1912-1935 ROAD U.S. 72

ELK RIVER MILL
MAIN HOUSE - REAR
SPRING HOUSE
TVA KODAK FILE
NATIONAL ARCHIVES
WHEELER DAM PROJECT
1935 - 1936
MAIN HOUSE
TVA
HEN NESTS
PROFESSOR McCLELLAN
A HISTORICAL NOTE
HEN NESTS
FOUNDRY 1808
1936 MILL STORE
BY CROLEY 1995
DR. WILKERSON'S OFFICE
GILCHRIST
CRENSHAW
VAUGHN
HIGHTOWER
GRISHAM
DR. TALLEGGE PROPERTY
CRIB
TVA
STRUCTURES REMOVED BY TVA AT ELK RIVER MILL 1936
SMOKE HOUSE

"The Old Stone Bridge"
DOWNTOWN FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

John H. (Jack) Richardson
(husband of Denah
Bullington Richardson).
(about 1992).

OLD STONE BRIDGE

Fayetteville, Tennessee

One of the Elk River's more important landmarks is the Stone Bridge. In 1858, a contract was awarded to Messrs. John Markum and Patrick Flannery, "Architects and Contractors", for the construction of a bridge over the Elk River in Fayetteville. The contract was in the amount of $30,000. John Devrous acted as consulting engineer for the project and supervised the construction. The bridge was built of limestone rock quarried upstream and floated down to the project. There were six elliptical arches composed of entirely dry masonry, making a total bridge length of about 450 feet. The bridge, when finished, was one of the largest spans of its type and carried traffic until 1928. At that time it was replaced with a new highway truss bridge. There were only two such bridges in the United States at the time of its completion and only six in the world. When the builders of the bridge had completed the three main arches across the channel, they ceased work and demanded payment for their efforts. They stated that they had completed their contract which merely called for the construction of a span "across the river." They also proposed that for an additional $10,000 they would construct the approach on the south bank of the river so that the span could be reached and used. The town officials had fully expected a complete project for the initial $30,000 amount. The additional work was eventually awarded to Messrs. Markum and Flannery for the specified $10,000, since they had their men and equipment on the site and could probably complete the project more economically than anyone else. The structure was completed and ready for use in 1861.

During the War between the States the bridge was used frequently by both armies. In making his march from Memphis to Chattanooga and on to Atlanta, General William T. Sherman utilized the bridge as a crossing point. Following the crossing, he ordered a Major Byrd to destroy the bridge. Major Byrd failed to carry out these orders. He reported to General Sherman that he had spared the bridge because it was too beautiful a piece of architecture to be destroyed. He also indicated that its destruction would serve no military purpose since the river below the bridge was easily fordable.

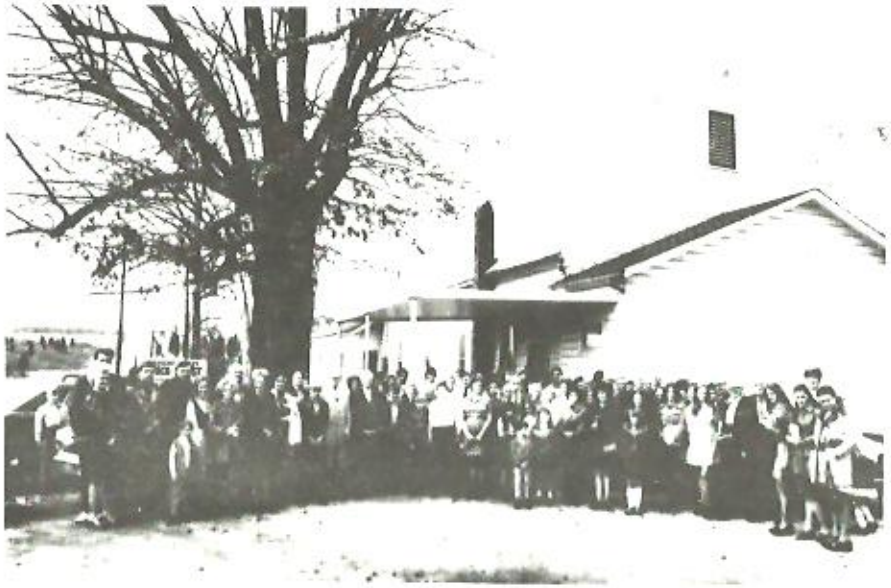
To everyone's dismay on February 2, 1969, the Stone Bridge collapsed as a result of heavy rains and the pressure of floodwaters. The city of Fayetteville and Lincoln County had applied for approval of grant money to fortify this historical bridge. We just didn't act soon enough.

Tom Bullington III with his 9½ lb. bass caught on a crappie hook and minnow, Montgomery, Al farm pond. (About 1990). Tommy (father) on the left.

Pleasant Valley In The 1930's.

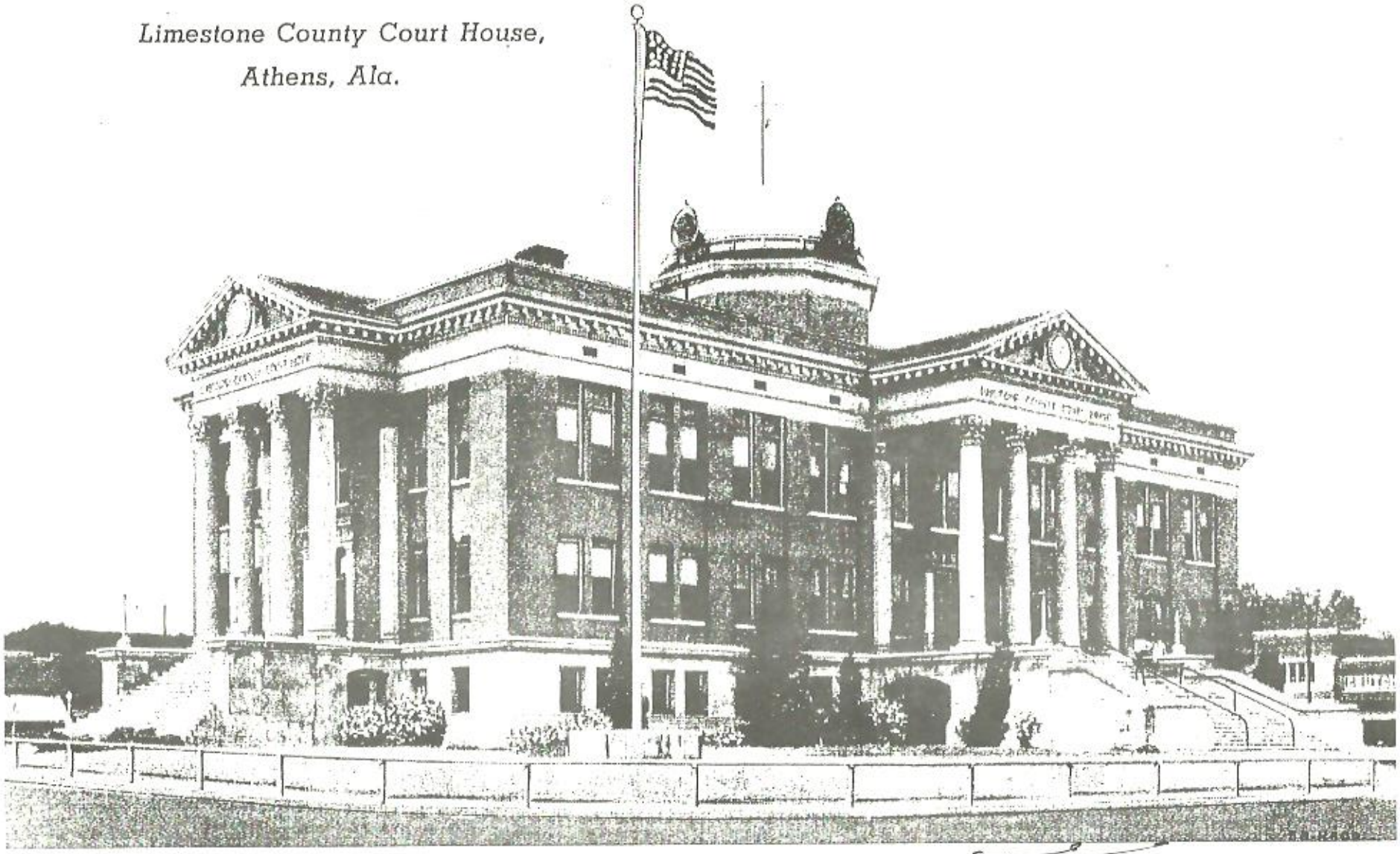
Pleasant Valley In The 1940's

Pleasant Valley In The 1950's.

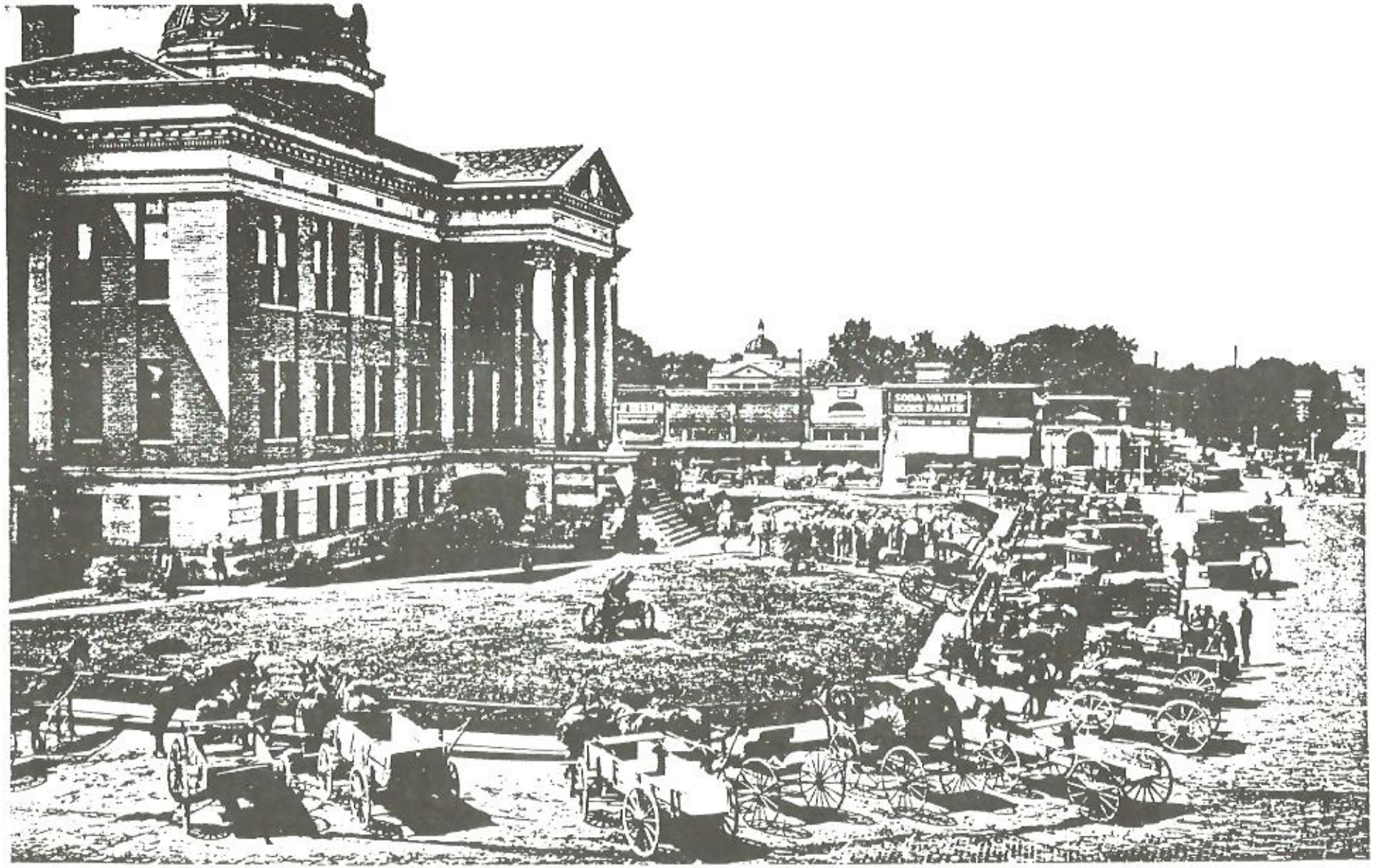


Pleasant Valley - January 1973

Limestone County Court House,
Athens, Ala.



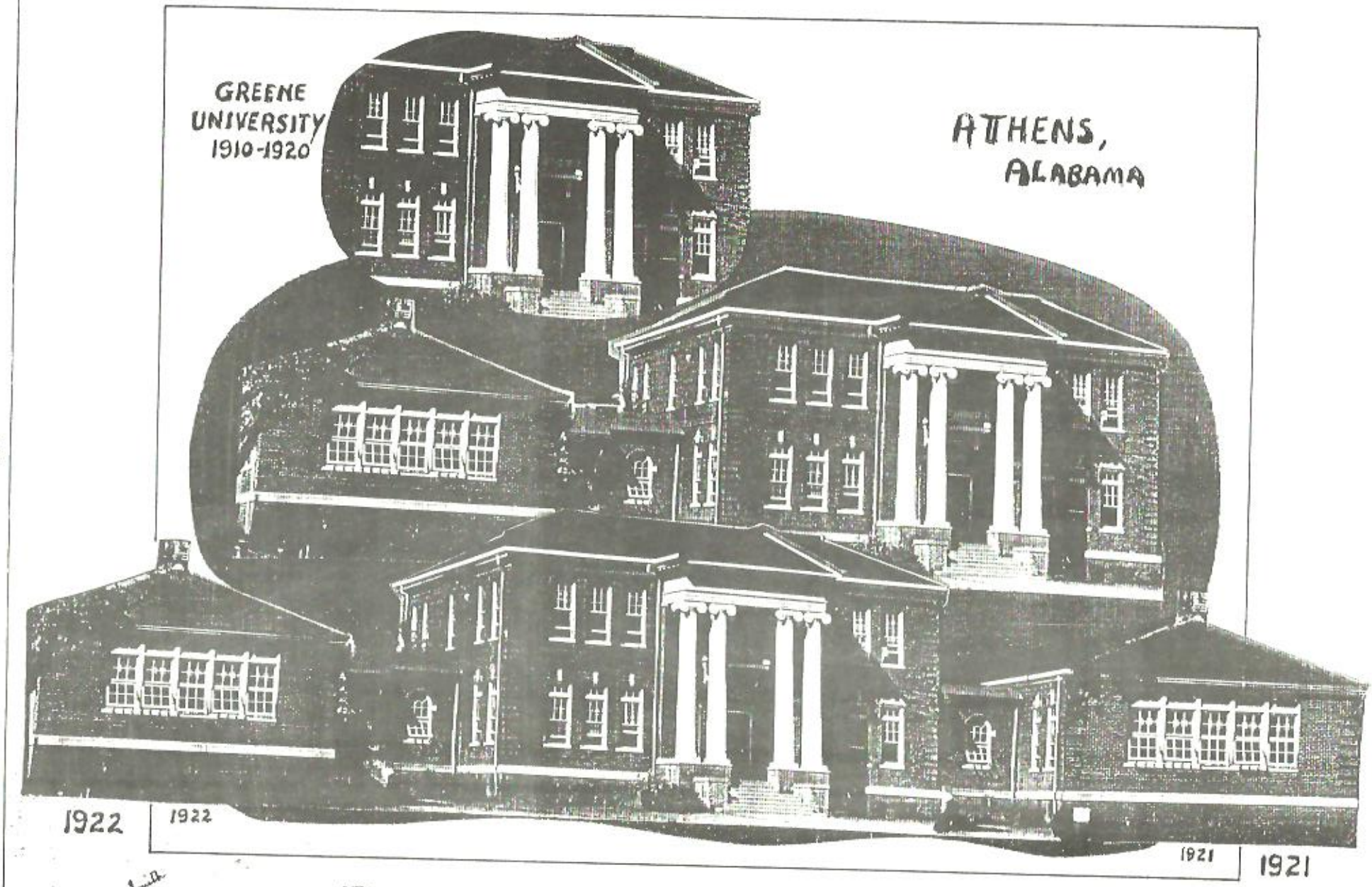
To Tom
Wilson White 1998



LIMESTONE COUNTY
COURTHOUSE

ATHENS, ALABAMA
1930

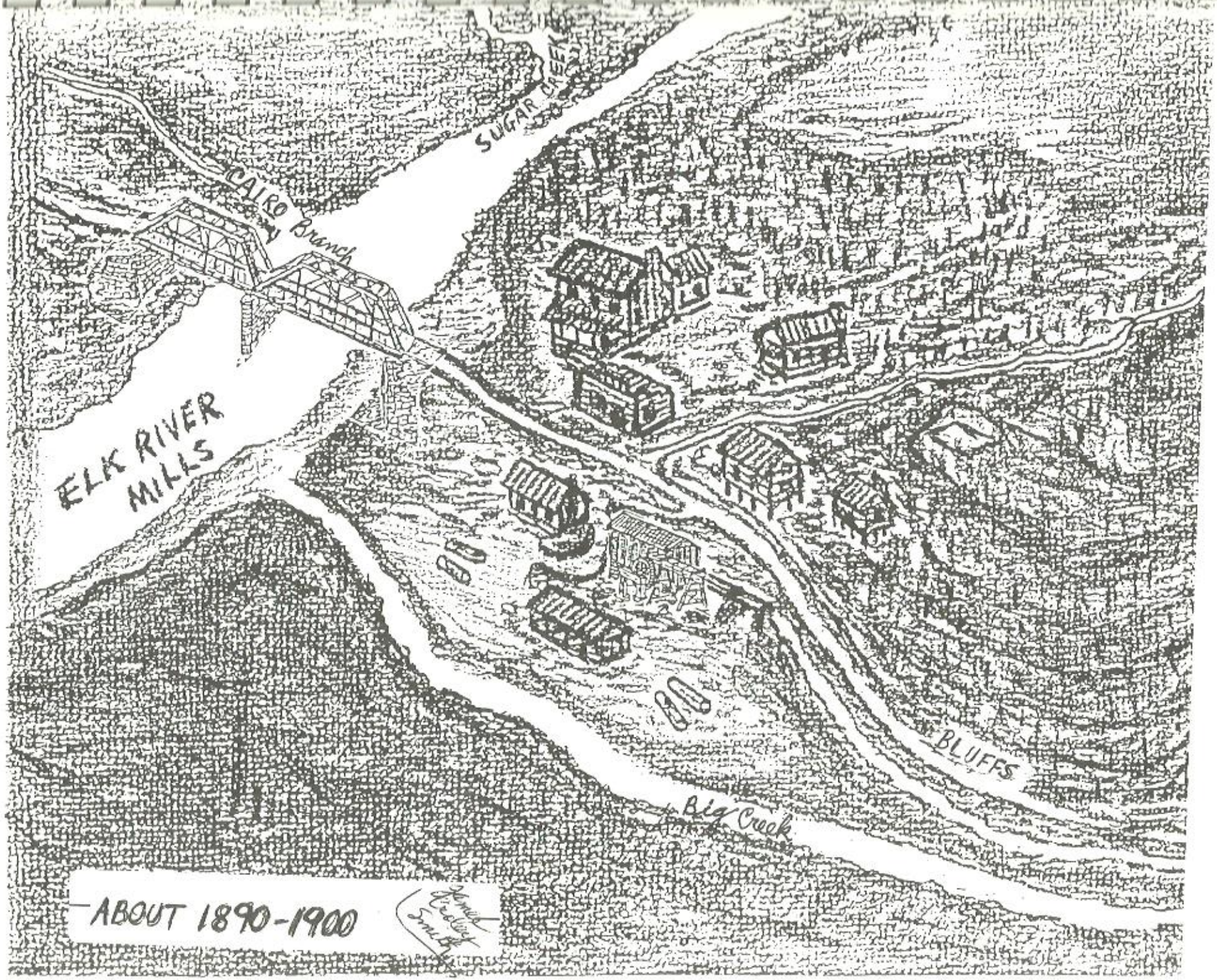
EAST SIDE
OF
COURTHOUSE

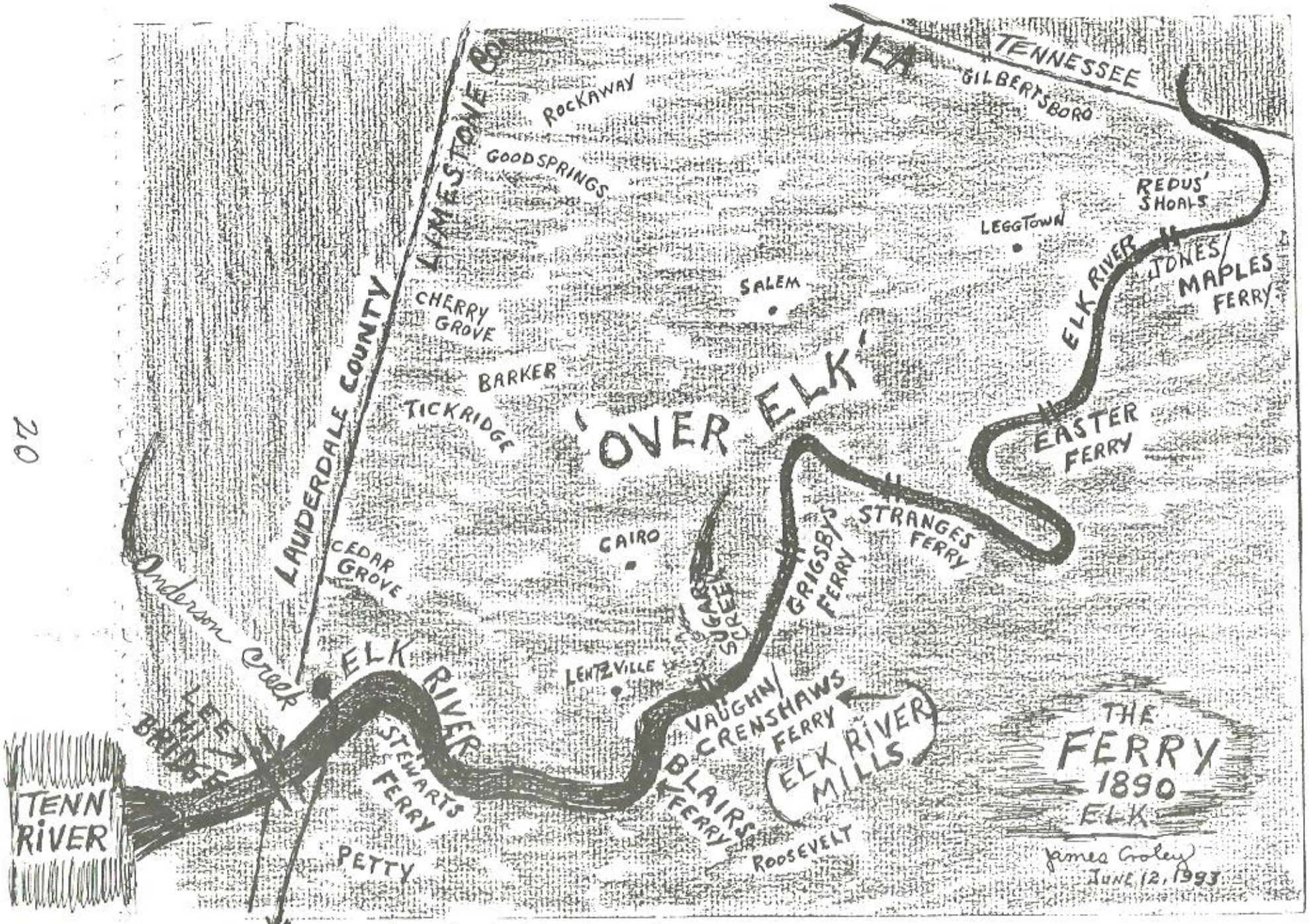


James Cooley Smith
July 1955

ATHENS SCHOOLS - 1921
ELEMENTARY
JUNIOR HIGH

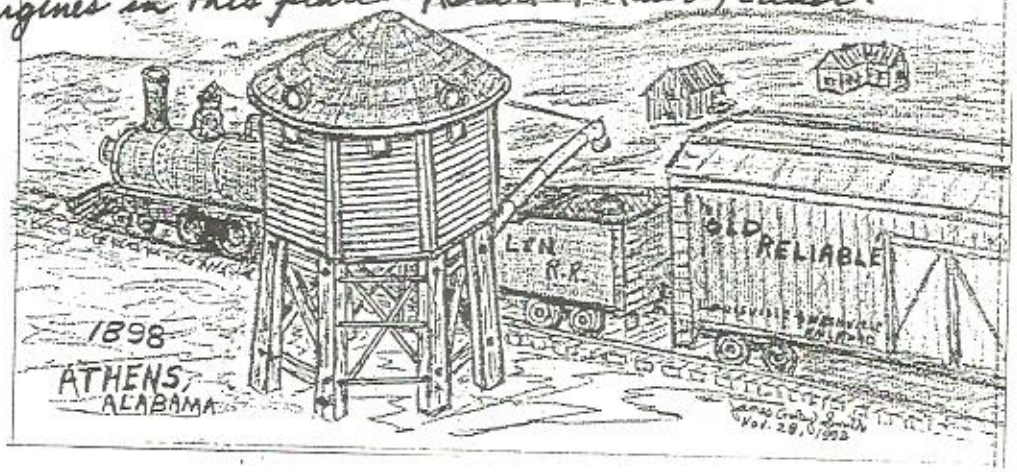
RAZED
1960


SUGAR
CAIRO Branch
ELK RIVER MILLS
BLUFFS
Big Creek
ABOUT 1890-1900



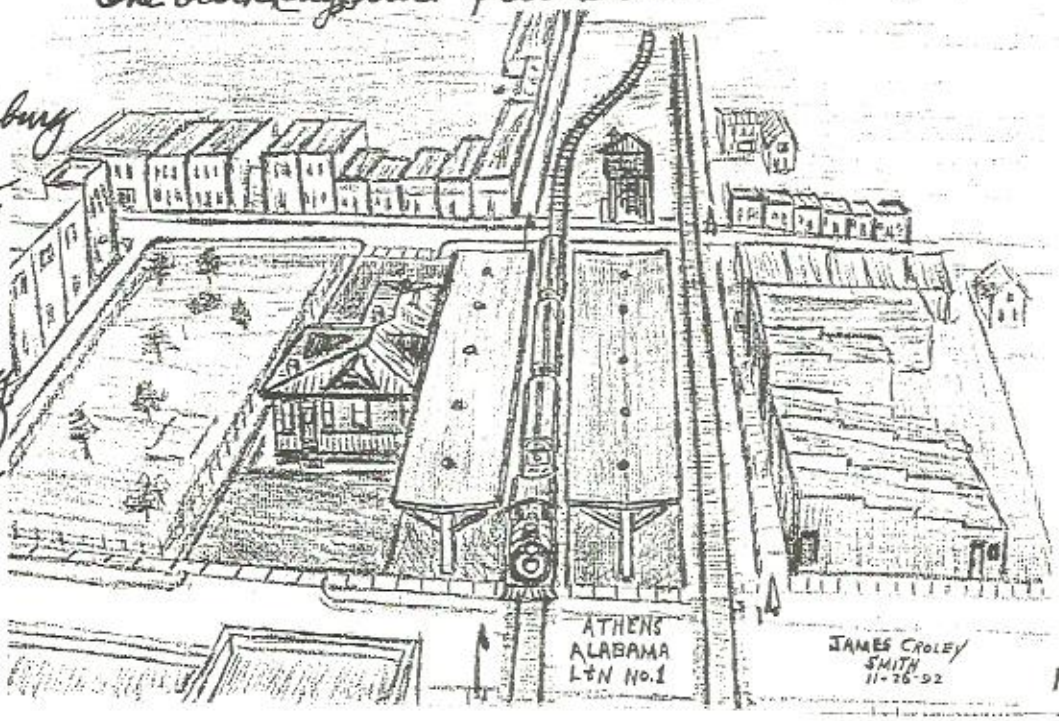
The John Douglas Bullington farm home - Late 1800's.

(The Alabama Courier, Jan. 1898, Athens, Ala) "The Louisville and Nashville Railroad has completed the prettiest and largest tank in this place between Louisville and New Orleans. It holds about sixty thousand gallons of water and is an ornament to the town. They are now stationing their engines in this place." Robert M. Rawls, Editor.

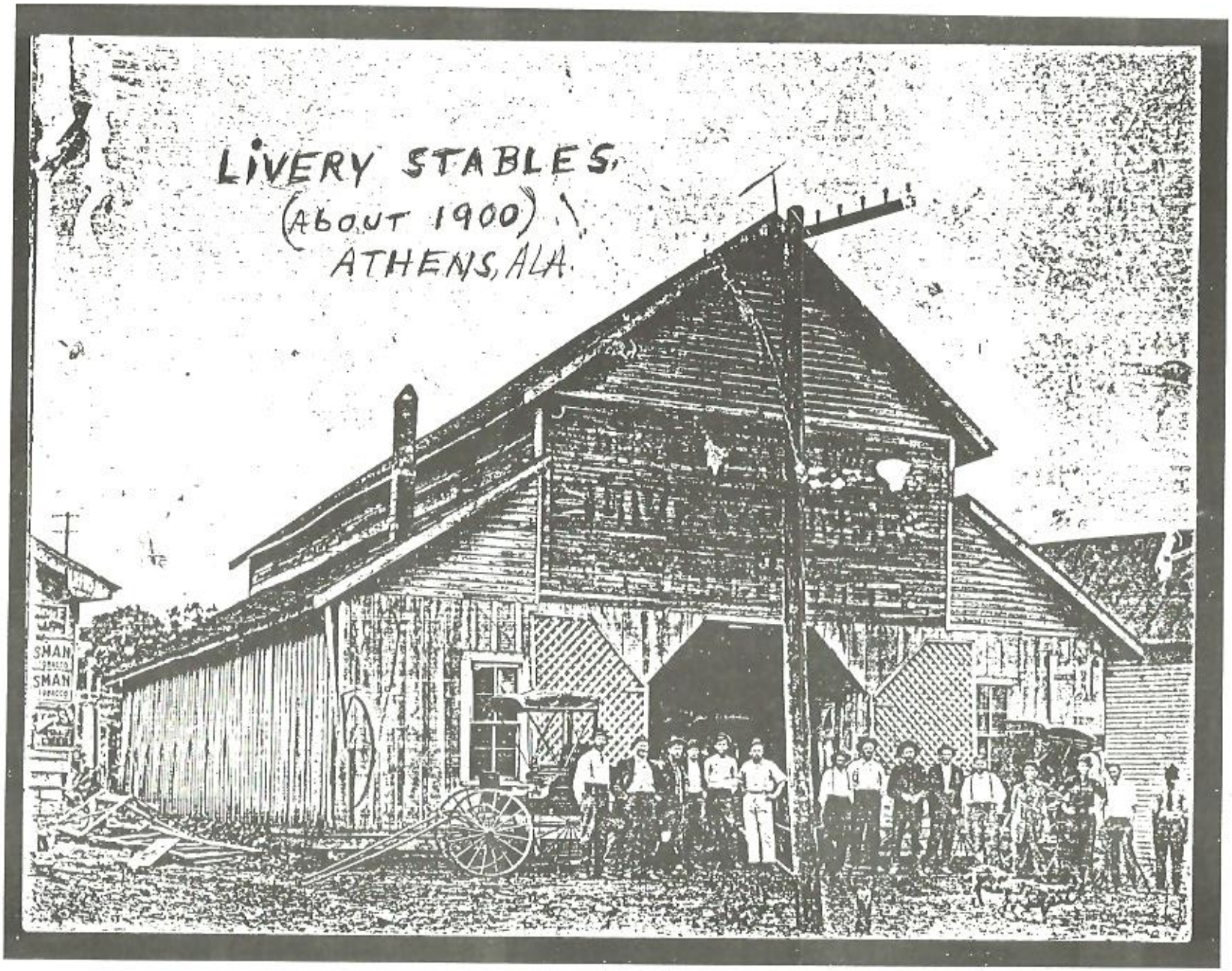


L & N Railway Station, Athens, Ala. (The 1930's)
One block (city) east of Courthouse

The Pulaski L+N Line and the Lewisburg L+N Line joined two miles north of Athens to form the main line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad



This L+N Rail System was a busy one during my childhood years - several trains daily - both passenger and freight trains - The Pan American was its crack passenger train. Mr. Flood was the trainmaster - Tom Bullington


LIVERY STABLES,
(ABOUT 1900)
ATHENS, ALA.
SMAN
SMAN

GENEALOGY OF THE WEST LIMESTONE COUNTY ALABAMA BULLINGTON'S

FOREBEARERS OF

John Douglas Bullington and Nancy Lydia Halbert Bullington

Nicholas Bullington - Lived in Jamestown, Virginia in 1623. Died 1691.
Married Cynthia Clarke whose parents were first residents of Jamestown.

Robert Bullington (son of Nicholas) Born 1632 in Henrico County, Virginia. Died 1688.
Married Elizabeth Garrett.

Robert Bullington (son of Robert #1) Born 1687. Married in 1723. Owned land beside Thomas Randolph in Henrico County, Virginia.

Robert Bullington (son of Robert #2) Born 1725 in Pittsylvania County, Virginia. Married 1750.

Robert Bullington (son of Robert #3) Born 1750. Died 1821. Married 1770 to Elizabeth Granger. Was 2nd Lieutenant in Revolutionary War.

John W. Bullington (son of Robert #3) Born 1773. Died 1832. Married 1793 to Milly Howard.

Henderson A. Bullington (son of John W.) Born 1809. Died 1860. Married 1826 to Elizabeth Ann Sanderson (daughter of Morris Sanderson and Hannah Strange).

John Douglas Bullington (son of Henderson A). Born 1846. Died 1899. Married 1870 to Nancy Lydia Halbert (daughter of Joseph Halbert and Melinda Shoemaker).

VITAL STATISTICS

OF THE

BULLINGTON'S

OF

WEST LIMESTONE COUNTY ALABAMA

AND THE

ANCESTRY

OF

JOHN DOUGLAS BULLINGTON (1846-1899)
NANCY LYDIA HALBERT BULLINGTON (1854-1898)
(Married on September 28, 1870)

Bullingtons in 1893 (appx)
Bottom (L to R): Blanche, Clifford, Vona, T. W. (Wallace), Wiley
Top (L to R) John Douglas, Vea Attrice, Mack, Andrew.
Not in Picture: Joe, Eddie.

PATRIARCHS and MATRIARCHS
(Children of John Douglas and Nancy Lydia Halbert Bullington)

1.	Joseph Henderson Bullington Della Elizabeth Legg	(08/22/1871 - - - - 07/10/1944) (1876 - 1956)
2.	Edward Robert Bullington Ada Barber	(03/26/1874 - - - - 10/26/1935) (1877 - 1948)
3.	Andrew Jackson Bullington Cora Pearl Barber	(04/06/1876 - - - - 06/17/1961) (1882 - 1960)
4.	Ida Bullington	(11/20/1877) Died very young
5.	Vann Bullington	(10/07/1879) Died very young
6.	Mack Richard Bullington Ida Varena Tidwell	(08/04/1881 - - - - 04/05/1960) (born around 1882 - 1967)
7.	Wiley B. Bullington Willie Alene Clanton	(07/31/1883 - - - - ~~12/04/1968~~ 12/17/68 (08/26/1899 - - - - 11/11/1994)
8.	Thomas Wallace Bullington Vera Martin	(11/30/1884 - - - - 12/19/1927) (02/18/1894 - - - - 09/17/1989)
9.	Ve Attrice Bullington John Pharis Brackeen	(04/07/1886 - - - - 03/01/1968) (1879 - 1968)
10.	John Clifford Bullington Ruby Laverne Hughes	(11/08/1888 - - - - 01/13/1971) (02/09/1897 - - - - 11/06/1994)
11.	Vona Dee Bullington Lora Oscar Davis	(12/15/1891 - - - - 03/28/1978) (02/08/1888 - - - - 07/09/1962)
12.	Nancy Blanche Bullington Jesse David Clanton	(11/15/1895 - - - - 05/18/1933) (10/10/1892 - - - - 04/09/1976)
13.	Douglas Bullington	(11/10/1897 - - - - 02/12/1899)

DESCENDANTS OF

John Douglas Bullington and Nancy Lydia Halbert Bullington

First Child

JOSEPH (JOE) HENDERSON BULLINGTON and DELLA ELIZABETH LEGG
married December 15, 1895

I. Leona (1896-1900)

II. ~~Lee~~ 104 Ethel (10/14/1898-1981)(m) Lake ~~Calvin~~ COLLINS Bates (12/30/1896-04~~/01~~/21/1994) Athens, AL.

1. Quinton Alvin Bates (4/3/1920)(dec)(m) Oma Nadean Davis - Athens, AL
   1. Oma Lou Bates (8/24/40---)(m) Charles Jimmy White - ~~Five Points, TN~~ Zehner Rd Athens, Ala
   2. Beverly Kay Bates (2/5/49) - (dec) (m) Danny Lee Adams-Limestone Co, AL (9/15/69 - No children
2. Hollis O'Neal Bates (3/30/23)(m) Gladys Beatrice Eubanks - Athens, AL (16399 Deer Way , Athens, AL 35611) Tel: 205-232-2045
   1. David Earl Bates (7/19/47) (m) Linda Cosby - Div - wife #2 Diane Carter (m) wife #2 Diane Carter) 23540 Flanagan Rd Athens, Ala
   2. Vikki Ruth Bates (7/8/55) (m) Jack ~~Baker~~ Bethea - Div (m) husband #2 David Jones (Child: Victoria Toria) 1. Daniel Neal 2. Drew Colin
   3. Roger Dale Bates (8/29/58) (m) Donna McMurray - Div.
3. Edsel Earl Bates, Sr. ((10/5/27) (m) Pauline Eubanks - Nashville, TN 482 Brentwood Hills Dr Nashville, TN 37220
   1. Edsel Earl Bates, Jr. (4/5/58) (m) Peggy Irene Warren - Nashville, TN
   2. Alan Ray Bates (8/15/61) (m) Amy Elizabeth Anderson - Kingsport, TN
4. Lera Evelyn Bates (5/25/30) (m) James Ross Patterson - ~~Winchester~~ Cowan, TN
   1. Danny Ross Patterson (1/4/53) (m) Kathy Doud - Winchester, TN 1. Danny 2. Whitney
   2. Patricia Gayle Patterson (4/17/55) (m) Bob Lee Boswell - Winchester, TN 1. Casey Lee 2. Jon Patrick
5. Bryce Collins Bates (10/12/33 --------4/29/39)
6. Infant son (unnamed) Born + Died 6/11/35.
7. Twin sons, Infants (unnamed) Born + Died 8/18/39.
8. Tula Merle Bates (10/4/41) (m) James Thomas Craig, Jr. (23360 Pepper Rd., Athens, AL 35611) Tel: 205-232-4006
   1. Mary Dianne Craig (2/5/59) (m) Kenneth Odis Russell - Atlanta, GA - 1784 Waterton Trail Garyson, Ga 30221
9. Doris Ethelene Bates (7/7/43) (m) Jerry Lee Haraway Church St., P.O. Box 149, Rogersville, AL
   1. Troy L. Haraway (3/30/63) (m) Terri Nokes - Nashville, TN - 1807 Womack Lane Murfreesboro, TN 37130
   2. Kellye Jo Haraway (4/29/68) (m) Todd Werner - Nashville, TN 2310 Donna Hill Court, Nashville, TN 37214

David + Linda's Children: 1. Timothy David 2. Carrie Ellen

Misty Dawn — Phillip Edward — Andrew Lee — Anthony Preston — Buried in Higgins Cemetery — Joshua Kenneth (Dec) — Blake Austin — Benjamin Craig

NOTE: Thanks to Tula Merle for providing updates on some addresses. She and her husband, James, add a lot to our family gatherings. Their business is Craig Building Supply, Inc. at 501 N. Clinton St., Athens, AL 35611. Tel: 205-232-6320

Note: Oma Lou Bates and Charles Jimmy White Children
1. Anita Jane (8/9/58)(m) Roger Cobb 16186 Zehner Rd Athens, Ala
2. Sarah Jean 8/29/59 (m) Ray Mayfield
3. Beverly Joann ~~(2/16/61)~~ 9/19/62 (m) Jerry Fisk
Beverly Kay Bates 2/5/49 - 9/15/69 (m) Danny Lee Adams
No children 26

III Evart Fuller Bullington (08/01/1900-11/09/1971)(m)Ela Morgan(12/05/04-11/10/68).

1. Virginia Inez (02/19/23) (m) Marion Fred (M.F.) Norwood (dec.) 12/30/22 - 10/27/89
   (~~1419B, Hillwood Dr~~., Murray, KY 42071 1100 Fairlane Dr
   1. David Earl (10/22/43) (m) Ginny Nichols - McDowell Co., N.C. 1. Mark (Kathy) 2. Amanda (Jody)
      ~~(3831 Bluffview Dr., Marietta, GA)~~ 202 Roseberry Dr, Greenville S.C 29615
   2. Michael Edward (07/19/45) (m) Sandra Kay Maddux, Cumberland Co. TN
      (1809 Hillmont Dr., T#4, Nashville, TN 37215 Chris (Tony) Jackie (Bryan Hamilton) Kayren, Brian
   3. Paul Everett Norwood (10/24/48) (m) Susie Ortega (wife #1) Micah (Stephanie) McCown Misty Gipson
      (wife #2 Gail Jones Gipson, 917 Crownhill Dr., Nashville, TN 37217
   4. Ela Elizabeth (01/28/53) (m) Grundy MacFalwell, Calloway Co., KY → Andrew Jacob
      (Rt. 4, Box 660, Murray, KY) 42071
   5. Phillip Erwin (11/27/58) (m) Patsy Taylor - ~~2070 Murfreesboro Rd~~., ~~Nashville, TN~~ 113 East Estover, Dallatin TN 37066 Heather? Whitney? Taylor?
2. Fannie Elizabeth (08/29/24) (m) Howard Littleton Carter
   (1515 W. Pine St., Athens, AL 35611)
   1. Howard Timothy (Tim) 12/02/46) (m) Mary Frances Smith, Jackson TN
      1. Robin Dianne (m) Jonas Bryant Clem, Athens, AL
   2. Amelia Kay (04/04/49) (m) Timothy Lee Holt, Jr., Athens, AL
   3. Steven Wade (11/25/53) (m) Wanda Kay Buchell, Athens, AL
   4. Paula June (07/06/61) (m) Kenneth Leon Collins, Athens, AL
3. E.F., Jr. (dec.) young
4. Ethel Jo (03/07/30) (m) Billy Jack Redding
   (#2 Woodbine Circle, Scott Depot, W.VA 25560) Scott Depot, W.VA.
   1. Yvonne Jones (10/09/51) (div.), Palestine, TX
      1. Joshua Shane Jones (06/03/78), Charleston, W. VA
      2. Steven Nathaniel Jones (10/28/85), Cincinnati, OH
   2. Lawrence Monroe (04/22/53) (m) Reda Melcher
      1. Lawrence Micah (11/01/81) - Charleston, W. VA
      2. Josiah Monroe (08/19/83) - Charleston, W. VA
      3. Isaac M. (12/24/84) - Reedsport, OR
      4. Gabriel Micaiah (02/11/87) - Seattle, WA
      5. Daniel Micah (11/17/91) - Seattle, WA
      6. Joseph Malachi (06/01/93 - Scott Depot, WA
      7. Sarah Elizabeth (05/17/95) - Scott Depot, WA
   3. Linda Kay (07/25/58) (m) Daniel Workman — birthplace of Linda Kay is Bryan, Texas
      (801 Church St., Athens, PA 18810 (no childen)
5. John Henderson (J.H.) (07/02/33) (m) Barbara Ann McCormick
   (26224 Capshaw Rd., Athens, AL
   1. Barry Lynn (12/02/52) (m) Sybil Stroud
      (1518 Chandler Dr., Huntsville, AL 35802)

Note of interest from Ethel Jo Redding: Yvonne Jones and her 2 sons, Joshua and Nate are moving October 20, 1995, to Chinle, Arizona where Yvonne will work in the hospital that serves the Navajo Indian Reservation there.

2. John Brett (09/13/56) - 3506 Fay St., Huntsville, AL 35810
3. Brian McCormick (09/19/57) - 706 4th St., Lawrenceburg, TN 38464
4. Barbara Jo (02/07/59)(m) Jim Corbin
(612 Manor View Circle, Nashville, TN 37027)
5. Bruce Douglas (12/10/60) - 26224 Capshaw Rd., Athens, AL 35611
6. Will Edmon (Will Ed)~~(03/09/36)~~(m)Nancy Brackeen (01/19/38)
(209 E. Bryan, Athens, AL.)
William Edmond Born ~~01/09/38~~ 03/09/36
1. Melinda Raye (03/30/58) (m) Joseph Menarchek
(339 Lofton Rd., Huntsville, AL 35801)
Malinda Raye
2. Joni Kay (10/21/60) (m) Robert Smith
~~(8000 E. Spruecwood Ave., Orange, CA 92669)~~ 1106 Portsmouth Circle Gurnee, IL 60031
7. Maedell (03/26/43) (m) John William Davis in 1963
(1415 Governors Dr., Huntsville, AL 30518)
1. Shawn Kevin (10/12/68)(m) Renea Sims
2. Darrin Dewayne (11/25/75)
8. James Evart (04/29/45) (m) Mildred Ann Hagood
(2869 Knotty Pine Ct., Buford, GA 30518)
1. Teresa Dawn
2. Christie Elaruth
3. Rebekah

IV. Edward Henderson (06/06/02 - 12/25/70) (m) Olna Wigginton (11/02/07)
Athens Convalescent Center, Athens, AL 35611
1. Edward Freed (08/26/30) (m) Martha (Mot) Bowers (11/28/31)
(22086 Missy-Leigh Lane, Athens, AL 35611)
1. Alan Freed (11/27/52) (m) Kathleen Dell (06/11/60)
(25198 Nick Davis Rd., Athens, AL 35611)
1. Lucas Freed (03/05/91)
2. Maggie Ree (06/29/93)
2. Kimbal Edward (11/20/55) (m) Dinah Davis (11/26/61) 2951 Lakeshore Dr. Longmont, Col. 80503
1. Matthew Edward (10/13/86)
2. Kaitlyn Marie (08/14/88)
3. Craig Daniel (03/01/90)
3. Stanley Fred (07/20/59) (m) Leanne Draffen (12/11/62)
(101 Pear Lane, Starkville, MS 39759)
1. Amy Kathleen (04/06/89)
2. William Stanley (12/15/92)
3. Suzanne Elise (10/08/94)
2. Harris Barnard (Nod) (05/12/34) (m) Juanita Futch of Titusville, FL
(Box 6775, US Highway 1, Mims, FL ~~32754~~ 32754)
1. Joseph Vann (02/22/57) (m) Lis Davis of Scottsmoor, FL
1. Jacob Henderson (03/25/86)
2. Sarah Jean (02/07/92)
2. Sandra Lynn (08/22/60) - Titusville, FL
3. Marilyn (twin) (01/08/37) (m) Robert Ray Garrett (02/27/35) of Town Creek, AL
(301 Crutcher Circle, Athens, AL 35611)

1. Carol Rae (09/15/59) (m) Thomas Ray Swinford (10/11/59)
2. Robert Adam (12/26/63) (m) Sheila Ann Hill
   1. Robert Benjamin (09/21/87)
   2. Stephanie Sheree (04/04/89)

4. Carolyn (twin) (01/08/37) (m) Glen Edward Muse (dec.)
   (m) Truman Gene McClard (11/25/26)
   (1009 Tucker Dr., Pulaski, TN)
   1. Virginia Ann Muse (06/20/61) (m) Wayne Bishop Mostellar
      1. Wayne Bishop, Jr. (09/16/91)
      2. Murphy Muse (01/18/95)

V. Lilla Elizabeth (06/20/04 - 1992) (m) Louis Otto Brackeen (L.O.) (dec.)
   1. Bettye (08/40/32) (m) William Lee Dennis of Auburn, AL
      (1503 Summerlane, Decatur, AL 35601)
      1. William Lee, Jr.
      2. Richard Jefferson
      3. Anna E.
   2. Louis Otto, Jr. (06/21/35) (m) Barbara Swain (div.)
      1. Louis Otto III
      2. Doris Elizabeth

VI. Alma Josephine (03/25/10 - 12/19/80) (m) Carl William Richter
   (22051 Piney Chapel Rd., Athens, AL)
   1. Joe Carl (09/30/31) (m) Dorothy Mae Cole ~~on 09/30/31~~ 10/2/31 - married 12/18/53.
      (4322 Wahli Drive, Knoxville, TN 37918)
      1. Joe Keith (11/22/62) (m) Treva Jean Logan on 11/07/87
      1. Katie Lauren (08/12/88)
      2. Carla Ann (03/25/65) (m) Scott Anthony White on 03/25/89
      1. Marlo Elizabeth (02/07/90)
      2. Alexis Marie (08/26/95)
   2. William Andrew (Bill) (06/10/34) (m) Marianne Gates (2/23/37) on 09/05/57
      (2130 Powell Lane, Lewisburg, TN 37091)
      1. Patricia Marvene (10/28/59) (m) Thomas Carter Woodruff (10/23/58) on 06/15/91
      1. Marianna Grace (01/22/93)
      2. William Andrew (Andy) (10/05/62) (m) Kathy Lynn Foster (12/18/62) on 04/28/90
      1. William Andrew III (Will) (10/17/92)
      2. Suzanna Beth (09/22/95)
      3. John Franklin (09/14/68) (m) Teresa Lynn Schott (10/13/69) on 12/14/91
   3. Robert Crutcher (05/12/35) (m) Evelyn Denise Hargrove (4/19/1936) on 07/15/55
      (Rt. 10, Box 438, Athens, AL
      1. Cindy Denise (05/28/60) (m) Frank Perkins on 05/05/79
      1. Kelli Beth (08/06/82)
      2. Kristopher Franklin (01/13/86)
      3. Brandon Chad (07/20/87)
      2. Robert Crutcher, Jr. (06/06/61) (m) Paula Yvonne Shannon on 07/20/84
      1. Robert Westley (08/18/86)
      2. Rachel Lauren (10/26/89)

Child of Patricia and Thomas

Children of Andy and Kathy Lynn

Children of Cindy and Frank Perkins

Children of Robert and Paula Yvonne

3. Brent LaRoye (11/25/64) (m) Gina Johnson on 07/06/84

Children of Brent + Gina
1. Allison Morgan (01/02/88)
2. Mallory Dawn (02/03/89)

4. Helen Elfrieda (12/26/41) (m) John Hugh Vinson on 01/22/60
(407 Hoffman Dr. , Athens, AL

Children of Helen and John Hugh Vinson
1. Michael Earl (01/09/61) (m) Jeanne H. Stewart
2. John Davie (05/31/63
3. Carl Louis (07/26/66) (m) Samantha Prichard on 06/03/87
4. Donald Boyd (08/08/68)
5. Joel Glenn (04/25/71)

5. Frederick Kessler (01/08/45) (m) Lena Magdalene Craig on 11/28/63
(405) Morningview, Athens, AL
1. Tony Richter (m) Robin Richter
1. Autumn Dawn Richter (1994)
2. Tim Richter (m) Lorrie Matthews on 07/07/95
(Mooresville Rd., Athens, AL).

VII Cassie Lydia (05/04/12 - 10/20/90) (m) Milton Elliott (Buddy) Johnson (dec.)
(m) Henry Wallace Blizzard (dec.)
(m) Ross Patterson (dec.)

1. Anita Johnson (10/11/33) (m) Bobby Higgins (div.)
(m) Joseph C. Moquin on 1/2/79.
(183 Stoneway Trail, Madison, AL 35758
1. John David Higgins (12/30/57) (m) Dinah Byrd
(120 W. Lake Circle, Madison, AL
2. Suzanne Higgins Case (div.) (4-22-61) - (m) Paul David Carlisle on 3/11/94.
(405 E. Washington St., Athens, AL
1. Colin Johnson Case (09/29/86)

2. William David Johnson (05/31/36 - - - 05/18/88) (m) Jewell Edgar Gilbert on 08/17/57
1. William David Johnson, Jr. (09/15/58) unmarried
(69 Kingsway Drive, Mobile, AL 36608)
2. Gilbert Elliott Johnson (08/02/61) unmarried - 2495 N. Santa Rosa Ave Alta Dina, Cal. 91001
(55 Arlington Drive, Apt. 1, Pasadena, CA 91105)

VIII. Doris Era (05/16/14) (m) Harold Phillip Thomas, D.D.S. in 1933.
(2221 Lynngate Dr., Hoover, AL 35216)

1. Joe Price (08/11/34) (m) Clara Ann Sizer - Atlanta, GA in 1960.
1. Frank Thomas (12/14/62) (m) Tami Remhart in 1988.
1. Miles Alexander (05/95)
2. Bill Thomas (01/12/65) (m) Tonya Elam in 1994 (Wesley Chapel, FL)
3. Mary Thomas (10/21/67) lives in Nova Scotia - 2479 Talwood Dr, Hoover Ala 35216.

2. Phyllis (03/28/42) (m) John Gibson in 1973 - 2652 Foothill Dr. Hoover, Ala 35226
1. Tom Edwards (12/07/63) - Atlanta, GA

IX. Nellie Inez (1917 - 1919) 1714 25th Ave San Francisco, Calif 44122.

Second Child

EDWARD (EDDIE) ROBERT BULLINGTON and ADA BARBER
married ~~Circa 1899~~ 12/15/1897.

I. James Douglas (03/14/02 - 07/30/54) (m) Sarah Evelyn Hull (12/08/08-08/20/90) (married 10/30/1926)
   1. Louis Alan (08/24/27) (m) Charlie Ruth Blackwell (05/24/26) on 06/28/52
      (1830, 151st St., S.E., Mill Creek, WA 98015) Tel: 206-338-9215
      1. Stuart Neal (02/14/58) unmarried
         (11012 NE 14th St., Bellevue, WA 98004) Tel: 206-453-1481
   2. Barbara Ann (11/11/32) (m) Julian Stuckey on 12/31/49
      (4978 Hickory Shores Blvd., Gulf Breeze, FL 32561) Tel: 904-932-2584
      1. Julian Douglas (01/09/51) (m) LouAnn Blocker (div.)
         (m) Melissa Weaver (7437 Northpoint Blvd., Pensacola, FL 32541)
         1. Julie Rene (08/28/78) Pensacola, FL
      2. Mark Allen (06/08/54) (m) Charlene Blair
         (4555 Kingville Dr., Cocoa, FL 32927) Tel: 407-639-8829
         1. Sarah Ruth (07/31/85) - Lafayette, LA
         2. Nathan Julian (01/31/87) - Pensacola, FL
         3. Carl Alvin (06/14/91) - Bay Minette, AL

   (Evelyn married second husband, Mike Reedy of Bay Minette, AL in 1957 (no children)

II. Clarice Iral (10/25/11 - - - 10/15/89) (m) Herbert Ross Whaley (07/19/93 - 1959) (married 4/12/1939)
   1. Ella Sandra (03/11/40) (m) Harvey G. Moore
      (25285 E. New Garden Rd., Athens, AL 35611) Tel: 205-233-6117
      1. Wendell Ross (03/13/61) (div.)
         1. Summer Le Shea (08/01/84) - Huntsville, AL — 25285 E. New Garden Rd Athens, Ala.
         2. Cody Ross (11/04/88) - Decatur, AL
      2. Scott Glen (10/02/63)
         (419 Camden St., Box 854, Wingate, N.C. 28174)
      3. Sara Lea (12/02/65) 25250 E. New Garden Rd, Athens, Ala
         (Rt. 1, Box 296F, Athens, AL Tel: 205-232-4881.
      4. Leslie Ann (05/08/67) (m) Shawn Michael Hicks
         (1500 W. Fairmont, Apt. 127, Longview, TX 75604
   2. Betsy Ross (06/10/42) (m) Howard Wayne Blackwell
      (27875 Gatlin Rd., Ardmore, AL 35739) Tel: 205-423-2816
      1. Eddie Wayne (08/11/62) Tel: 205-230-9035
         (Rt. 3, Box 350A, Athens, AL) New: 27472 Hwy 72E, Athens, Ala.
      2. Tracy Joanna (m) Jeffrey Roberts Anderson Tel: 205-230-0061.
         (520 Copperfield Lane, Madison, AL 35758) New: 12952 Copperfield Lane Madison, Ala.
   3. Hazel Joanna (06/25/48) (m) Adrian B. McCowan
      (20424 Hogan Dr., Elkmont, AL 35620) Tel: 205-732-4968
      (Tel: 205-732-4968)

Note: JoAnna Blackwell Anderson and Jeff Anderson now have a son, Trevor Blackwell Anderson, born 4/21/93

Third Child

ANDREW JACKSON BULLINGTON and CORA PEARL BARBER
married on Dec. 24, 1899

1 Jesse David Clanton (J.D.) (02/19/31) (m) Nancy Gail Cottrell (02/06/42) (married 6/27/1962)
(96 Brookwood Circle, Athens, AL)

1. Ashlie Gail (03/25/64) (m) Gregory Lynn Clay on 05/03/86
(Will Braden Circle, Rt. 3, Box 313-1, Athens, AL
   1. David Nathaniel Clay (11/28/89)
   2. Paul Gregory (03/01/92)
2. Nancy Blanche (04/11/67) 2601 Bonita Circle, Huntsville, Ala.
(412 Breckenridge Dr., Apt.#12, Huntsville, AL 35802
3. Andrew Bullington (twin) (08/24/68) (m) Jennifer Vann in June 1992.
(96 Brookwood Circle, Athens, AL - A Captain in 101st Airborne Ft. Campbell, Ky.
   1. Jackson Leigh (1993)
4. Jessi Edward (08/24/68) (m) Wendi Ward married in August 1992.
(Hartselle, AL)
5. Mary Pearl (09/08/74) (sophomore in college in 1994 at Union College)
(96 Brookwood, Athens, AL)
6. Samuel David (10/28/76)
(96 Brookwood, Athens, AL)
7. John Caleb (11/30/78)
(96 Brookwood, Athens, AL)

Author's Note: Jesse David Clanton, Jr. (J.D.) a nephew of Andrew and Pearl Bullington, was reared by Andrew and Pearl, following his mother's (Blanche) death from pneumonia on May 18, 1933. J.D.'s father Jesse David Clanton, Sr. of Athens, Alabama, kept a home with J.D.'s three sisters, Katherine, Aline, and Ruth. All of their family relationships with J.D. were very affectionate and full of love. They visited one another on a regular and frequent basis. It was my good fortune to visit these first cousins quite often as well as attending the schools with Katherine.

Note: J.D. Clanton Jr informs that he was never formally adopted, that he simply lived with Andrew and Pearl.

It's better to be boldly decisive and risk being wrong than to agonize at length and be right too late.

Truth isn't always beauty but the hunger for it is.

You don't get harmony when everybody sings the same tune.

Fourth Child

MACK RICHARD BULLINGTON and IDA VARENA TIDWELL
married in 1906

I. James Irvin (12/10/08) (m) Lillian Martin (div.)
(805 N. Hine St., Athens, AL)
1. Mary Helen (m) John Bryan
(104 Graystone Dr., Spartanburg, S.C. 29301)
1. Lauana Bryan
2. Gregg Bryan
2. Robert Mack (10/23/45)
(3005 Henderson Ave., Apt.#32, Cleveland, TN 37311)
James Irvin - 2nd wife Odell Eastep Lewis in 1958
1. Anne (step daughter, adopted) (m) Mr. Wyand
(2026 Woodland Ave., Dunwoody, GA 30338)
2. Pat (step child, adopted) (m) Randall Haney
(605 Lucas Ferry Rd., Athens, AL)

II. Iris N. (Mike) (09/29/10) (m) Elizabeth (Betty) Justice in 1937
(507 Hillcrest Ave., Chattanooga, TN 37411)
1. James R. (Jim) (10/27/40) (m) Tuy-Cam – Tel: 804-627-9397.
Director of Center for Global Business College for Public Administration, Norfolk, VA (Old Dominion Univ.) 1551 Bordeaux Place Norfolk, Va 23509.
1. Kim (01/08/71) - Arlington, TX – now Kim Eloise Meade
1. Kevin Meade (01/24/90)
2. Eva (09/03/72) Ching Mai Thailand – graduated 1995 No. Texas State
2. G. Michael (Mike) (07/12/51) (m) Pamela Elizabeth Poe (div.) Tel: 919-217-8193.
(5282 Old Winder Rd. Braselton, GA 30517) 5612 Oakdale Rd Knightdale, N.C. 27545
1. Eric (09/08/72) Decatur, GA (Now lives in Leesburg, VA)
Second wife of G. Michael is Charlotte Anne Carson
1. Jonathon Blake Moulder (03/15/89) - step grandson of Iris N. (Mike)

J.E. (Eric) Bullington's wife is Cathy Kathleen Perry Bullington.
G. Michael (Mike) remarried to Ann Carson around 1982.

Television brings the average person more news than he wants to hear,
more weather than he can do anything about,
and more sports than he has crackers and cheese to watch.

God gives every bird his worm, but he does not throw it into the nest.

Fifth Child

WILEY B. BULLINGTON and WILLIE ALENE CLANTON
married July 5, 1931

1. John William (Johnny) (10/04/34) (m) Betty Ann Brooks (03/18/35)
   (508 N. Hine St., Athens, AL 35611)
   1. Elizabeth Jean (Beth) (09/10/70)(m)Shannon Jordan on 07/15/95
      (Athens, AL)
   2. John William, Jr. (Bill) (03/07/72)
      (508 N. Hine St., Athens, AL)

Author's Note: My Uncle Wilburn Hughes and my Uncle Wiley Bullington for many years were partners in business and they kept house and lived together. My father and mother, Clifford and Ruby and their five children visited Uncle Wiley and Uncle Wilburn often. We even had our Christmas Santa Claus party in their home for several years. During my childhood years they lived on N. Hines Street in Athens just next to where Johnny Bullington now lives. A few years following Uncle Wilburn's death , Uncle Wiley married Willie Alene Clanton.

Ideas are funny things
They don't work unless you do.

Every difference of opinion is not a difference in principle.

An honest man is God's noblest work.

Southerners make good novelists: they have so
many stories because they have so much family.

Sixth Child

VE ATTRICE BULLINGTON (m) JOHN PHARIS BRACKEEN
married December 20, 1903

I. Charles Henry (10/08/04 - 01/08/90) (m) Margaret Melinda Eubanks Fleming (11/04/97 - 11/05/63)

1. Nancy Ruth Brackeen (01/19/38) (m) William Edmond (Will Ed) Bullington on 01/06/56
(209 East Bryan, Athens, AL)
    1. Melinda Kay (03/30/58) (m) Joseph Menarchek
    (339 Lofton Rd., Huntsville, AL 35806)
        1. D. William Menarchek (12/01/91)
    2. Joni Raye (10/21/60) (m) Robert Smith
    (8000 E. Sprucewood Ave., Orange, CA 92669)
2. Martha Ann Brackeen (02/07/39) (m) James Milburn Reece on 06/02/56
(8129 Franklin Rd., Athens, AL 35611)
    1. Martha Sharon (Sherry) (09/05/59) - Columbia, TN
    2. Terry Lance (04/14/60) - Columbia, TN
    3. Ramona Gayle (01/09/62) - Athens, AL

II. Carlous Otto Brackeen (02/01/07 - 07/15/60) (m) Etta Mae Lynn (09/11/07) on 12/18/27
(20413 Tillman Mill, Athens, AL 35611)

Author's Note: The Clifford and Ruby Bullington family and their children often visited the Vea and John Brackeen family, especially on Sundays. Occasionally we spent Saturday nights. We would always attend worship services at the Pleasant Valley Church on Sunday mornings. Following church services we would eat a big Sunday dinner at Vea's and John's and on several occasions the Vona and Oscar Davis family along with Preston, Prentis, and Paul, would join us. If Carlous and Charley Brackeen didn't attend then they would come by for a visit in the early afternoon. We almost always were presented a gift of food to take home with us, be it jars of honey, fresh or canned berries, fruits, grapes, vegetables and sometimes cakes and pies. And these generous and delicious food gifts were presented to us when we visited the Vona and Oscar family for Sunday dinners and Sunday visits. You just didn't leave to go home without a gift.

There's one thing the Democrats and Republicans have in common — our money?

Now for the Carlous and Etta Brackeen children and families

1. Elna Marie (11/27/29) (m) Joe Carden Toone on 06/01/48 " J.C."
   (20413 Tillman Mill, Athens, AL 35611)
   1. Joe Carden, Jr (08/18/52) - Athens, AL
   2. Richard Alan (07/21/55) - Athens, AL
   3. Timothy Lane (11/05/67) - Athens, AL
2. Maurice Glenn (04/17/31) (m) Betty Jean Eaves on 08/03/53
   (23728 Wales St., Elkmont, AL 35620)
   1. Connie Jean (10/31/56) - Athens, AL
   2. Ronald Glenn (11/24/57) - Athens, AL
   3. Sherry Lynn (11/24/57) - Athens, AL
   4. John Thomas (10/01/62) - Athens, AL
3. Yu-Vawn (10/01/32) (m) Floyd Nathan Blakely on 12/29/57
   (513 Chandler Drive, Athens, AL 35611)
   1. Cheryl Delane (09/25/53) - Athens, AL
   2. Pamela Kay (10/27/55) - Athens, AL
   3. Patricia Annette (04/27/57) - Athens, AL
4. Cletis Idell (07/24/35) (m) Lewis Brooks, Jr. on 06/19/54
   (8387 Barker Rd.)
   1. Debbie Charlene (02/03/55) - Athens, AL
   2. Barbara Diane (11/26/56) - Athens, AL
   3. Stanley Dale (04/01/60) - Athens, AL
   4. Carlos Dwight (03/37/62) - Athens, AL
   5. Sandra Jo (11/07/65) - Athens, AL
5. Gerald Wayne (11/06/36) (m) Miriam Jean Dollar on 09/27/61
   (19160 Runway St., Athens, AL 35611)
   1. Daryl Wayne (08/16/62) - Athens, AL
   2. Donna Jean (08/19/64) - Athens, AL
6. Cornelia (06/11/38) (m) Jerry Lee Pepper on (10/03/58) - Athens, AL
   (16120 McCulley Mill Rd., Athens, AL 35611)
   1. Michael Anthony (08/29/59) - Athens, AL
   2. Zachary Scott (05/30/62) - Athens, AL
   3. Kevin Alley (04/11/65) - Athens, AL
   4. Salena Rene (10/13/60) - Athens, AL
7. Carol Joan (12/24/39) (m) James Edward Lovell on 10/03/58
   (8450 Upper Snake Rd., Athens, AL 35611
   1. Tony Edward (06/02/60) - Athens, AL
   2. Crystal Dawn (08/05/61) - Athens, AL
   3. Donald Eric (12/10/62) - Athens, AL
   4. Gregory Neil (08/23/65) - Athens, AL
   5. Bradley Evan (09/30/68) - Athens, AL
   6. Lana Kathleen (04/27/72) - Athens, AL
8. Norvel Keith (04/02/42) (m) Judy Faye Blankenship on 10/24/63
   (8022 Franklin Rd., Athens, AL 35611)

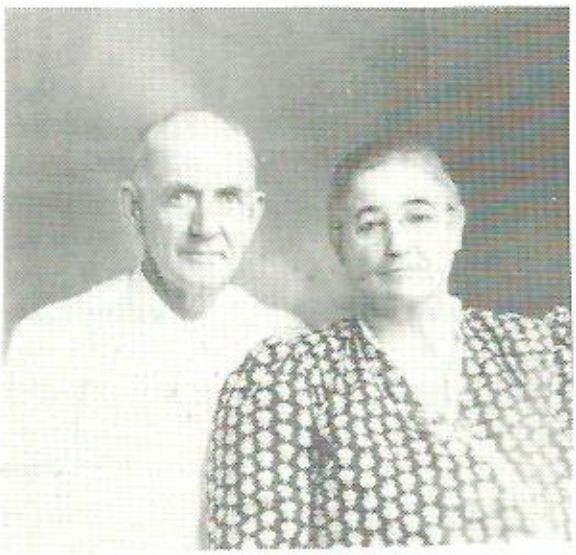
1. Barry Keith (10/06/64) - Athens, AL
2. Angela Michele (01/03/69) - Peoria, IL
3. Christopher Alan (06/20/71) - Peoria, IL
4. Jason Lynn (03/16/74) - Decatur, AL

9. Phillip Royce (09/26/44) (m) Ellene Kay Hinton on 10/24/64
(506 Briargate, Washington, IL 61571)
1. Jeffrey Alan (02/21/66) - Bloomington, IL
2. Lori Denise (07/10/68) - Peoria, IL
3. Stacie Lynn (10/27/73) - Peoria, IL

10. Gaius Rebekah (10/19/48) (m) Debra Ann Lannom on 03/07/81
1. Heather Rebekah (12/18/81) - Birmingham, AL
2. Charles Nathan Beaumont (07/20/85) - Anniston, AL

I remember my father, Clifford Bullington, telling a true story to several of his post office friends. I was about 10 years of age and was attending Greenes Elementary School in Athens. My older brother, J.C., said that I had a reputation of not backing off from a "young boy" fight. And I was confident that I was a successful fighter. My father was a city mail carrier, the walking mail carrier. This was during the great depression in the early 1930's. He delivered mail to his patrons twice daily. Most everyone knew him, both young and old. So one day while he was walking the sidewalk with his big leather mailbag slung across his shoulder next to the school, there were several young boys about my age that ran up to him and excitedly stated that Tom had just had another fight. They had done this once before. So without hesitation my father asked them if Tom had won the fight. They said that he did. So Dad said that he was certainly glad and that he was proud of his son, Tom. The boys thought that Dad would discipline me. But that put a stop to my "same-age" boy friends running to my Dad and "tattle-telling." My Dad sure made me feel great and I was proud of his wisdom and response. I still am.

Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.
Age 73.



John P. Brackeen,
and
Vea Brackeen.

Seventh Child

THOMAS WALLACE (T.W.) BULLINGTON (m) VERA MARTIN
married July 24, 1916

I. Martin Hughes (11/08/23 - 03/20/90) (m) Crystal Violet Holleman on 9/20/46
(Rt. 1, Hwy. 5, South Gould, OK 73544)
1. Michael Hughes (Mike) (03/28/51) (m) Robin Lockard
(11 Hudson Rd. East, Irvington, N.Y.)
1. Ross Lockard (03/24/87) - Newark, N.J.
2. Clark Bullington (06/04/94)
2. Mark Merrill (01/02/54) (m) Sherry Dawn Bell on 01/02/81
(Box 146, Gould, OK 73544)
1. Nicholas Ian (11/11/83)
2. Holly Dawn (11/12/85)
3. Leslie Ann (03/17/89)
4. Saylor Rain (01/02/92)
3. Burk Lyle (11/29/55) (m) Mitsi Lynn Moore
(Rt. 1, Box 68, Hollis, OK 73550)
1. Ankrat Meggi (12/02/83)
2. Marge Lenore (01/17/86)
3. Martha Moore (11/29/88)

II. Neff Edward (06/14/26) (m) Bettye Jean Morris on 08/11/46
(Box 115, Gould, OK 73544)
1. Col. Terry Wallace (10/11/48) (m) Cynthia Royal on 09/08/69
(PSC, 1203, Box 1439-APO AE 09803 1439 Saudi Arabia)
1. Timothy Scott (Tim) (09/08/71)
2. Jeffrey Todd (11/18/73 - 02/01/74)
3. Carie Ann (03/05/75)
2. Vicki Carol (01/20/52) (m) Preston Wood
(Box 197, Monument, N.M. 88265)
1. Tommy LaVaughn (08/05/69) (m) Tina Harris
1. Samantha Jo (12/05/91)
Vickie Carol's 2nd husband - Stanley Neugebauer
1. Shannon Carol (04/03/75)
2. Aaron Lacy (10/29/84)
Vickie Carol's 3rd husband - Jimmy Cleveland
1. Kelly Jean (12/12/90)
3. Tim Reed (02/07/56) (m) Jana Robinson (06/01/56) on 05/26/78
1. Cassidy Shea (10/03/81)
2. Micah Reed (05/11/84)

Vera Martin Bullington married W.T. (Tom) Cunningham of Harmon County, Oklahoma, a few years following Thomas Wallace Bullington's untimely death.

Eighth Child

JOHN CLIFFORD BULLINGTON (m) RUBY LAVERNE HUGHES
married on August 20, 1917 "Uncle Clifford" "Aunt Ruby"

I. John Clifford (J.C.) Bullington, Jr. (05/15/18 - 03/26/94) (m) Mary Edna Rogers - Marion, AL (10/20/15 - 02/26/81)
(548 Cary Dr., Auburn, AL 36830)
1. Beverly Ann (05/03/43) (m) Denver David Walker (div.)
2nd husband James Ford - Birmingham, AL
(2821 Yellow Leaf Rd., Clanton, AL 35045)
1. James David Walker (10/06/69) Birmingham, AL
2. John Bryan Walker (08/04/72) Auburn, AL
2. Nancy LaVerne (01/17/48) (m) Dr. James R. (Jim) Whatley - Opelika, AL
(2604 Oak Bowery Rd., Opelika, AL)
1. Carolyn Ann (09/08/74)
2. Mary Brunson (03/04/78)
3. James Rodman (07/09/79)
3. Dr. John Clifford Bullington III (01/07/57) (m) Laurie (6/18/56) Ruth Thompson ~~on~~ 7/10/82, Nashville, TN
(3262 Overbrook Rd., Birmingham, AL 35213)
1. Mary Shaffer (04/20/84)
2. Allison Elizabeth (10/24/86)
3. Anna Claire (02/15/92)

II. Thomas Harold (Tom) Bullington (05/26/22) (m) Martha Jean Black (07/18/23) of Commerce and Madison, GA on 12/26/43
(913 Swanson Blvd., Fayetteville, TN 37334)
1. Dinah Jean (09/06/46) (m) John Holt (Jack) Richardson (08/10/44) on 02/17/68
(P.O. Box 582, Fayetteville, TN 37334)
1. John Holt Richardson, Jr. (12/02/70)
2. Paul Bullington Richardson (06/14/74)
2. Betty Ann (02/10/49) (m) Richard James (Rich) Brown (01/04/49) - Trumbull, CT
(170 Scranton Ct., Zionsville, IN 46077)
1. Wendy Nacole (01/26/76) - a sophomore at Indiana University
2. Jason Michael (09/04/77) - a freshman at Indiana University
3. Thomas Harold (Tommy) Bullington, Jr. (06/18/51) (m) Debbie Hopkins (div.)
(304 Patrick Rd., Fayetteville, TN 37334)
1. Thomas Harold (Tom) III (07/30/82)
2. Bethany Jean (05/14/85)
4. Tallulah Wray (Tulah) (04/07/54) (m) Frank Potts Williamson-Newport Beach,CA
(3207 Acklen Drive, Huntsville, AL 53805)

5. Mary Lisa (03/18/60) (m) Thomas (Tom) G. Schaffner (06/13/58) - Indianapolis, IN (04/07/84)
   (1129 Arborhill Dr., Woodstock, GA 30188)
   1. Susanna Jean (02/04/85)
   2. Lauren Ashleigh (01/06/88)
   3. Haileigh Ann (01/31/90)
6. Amy Leigh (01/12/62) (m) Bruce G. Cooper (04/01/60) - Davie, FL (08/11/84)
   1. Casey Jo (11/02/88)
   2. Katie Leigh (03/03/90)

III. Ruby Wray (03/12/27) (m) William Robert (Bill) Smith (01/15/25) - McCrory, AR
(109 Defoe Court, Columbia, MO 65203)
1. Susan Wray (01/30/51) (m) James D. Vickers (div.)
   (502 Anne Stokes Rd., Greenville, MS)
   1. James Dwight (Jim) Vickers, Jr. (09/24/69) - Greenville, MS

2nd husband - Russell Flowers - Greenville, MS (div)

2. William Robert (Billy), Jr. (10/08/53) (m) Nora Lee Gilliam - Dermott, AR
   (3300 Oakside, Columbia, MO 65203)
   1. Derek Austin (03/12/88)
   2. Damon Zachary (11/20/89)

IV. Wilburn (Gibby) Gilmore Bullington (07/28/29) (m) D. Jean Black (04/21/30) - Athens, AL
(300 Dogwood Dr., Titus, AL 36080)
1. Michael David (Mike) (01/24/53) died 1969
2. John Andrew (Bubba) (01/03/55) (m) Joan Bradley - Crestview, FL on 08/02/75
   (2463 West Rd., Mobile, AL 36693 (12/20/32)
   1. John Andrew (Drew) (07/16/81)
   2. Ashley Amanda (06/29/84)
   3. Amy Leigh (04/30/86)
3. Roy Steven (Steve) (11/05/56) (m) Erin Maureen Kennedy - Sheffield, AL (08/16/58)
   (4549 Woodledge Dr., Montgomery, AL 36109
   1. Nathan Michael (04/08/84)
   2. Emily Maureen (02/28/87)

In the midst of great joy do not promise anyone anything.
In the midst of great anger, do not answer anyone's letter.

- Chinese proverb

V. Foy Wallace (Wal) (05/17/31) (m) Valrie Darden (12/20/32) - Port Arthur, TX
(25 Scott Place, Abilene, TX 79601)

1. Brenda Wray (10/18/55) (m) James Lynn (Jim) Dickson - Pittsburgh, PA
(Houston, TX)
    1. Stephanie Lynn (09/01/82)
    2. Ryan Bradley (10/08/85)
2. Laurie Jo (06/23/58) (m) Dr. James Gregory (Greg) Muns - Dallas, TX
(1319 Shores Circle, Rockwell, TX 75087)
    1. James Alan (06/30/81)
    2. Phillip Gregory (04/11/84)
    3. Tyler Bradley (04/11/88)
3. Wallace Bradley (Brad) (11/02/67) (m) Stacie Kennedy (div.)
(25 Scott Place, Abilene, TX 79601)

The Herald of Truth Media Ministries announces the establishment of the Ruby H. Bullington Scholarship Fund.

The recepients of this fund will attend the annual National Family Conference in Dallas, Texas. In 1994 more than 700 people from 32 states attended.

Some members of her family have donated from $50.00 to $1000.00 to start this scholarship in her honor.

Each donors name will be listed on the official proclamation that will be placed on the Wall of Honor for Memorials in the foyer of the Herald of Truth Building at 303 South Pioneer Drive in Abilene, Texas.

Make check out to Ruby H. Bullington Scholarship Fund. Send to Herald of Truth, PO Box 2439, Abilene, TX 79604.

Wallace Bullington is the Director of the National Family Conference held each year in Dallas, Texas.

Top (L to R):
J. C. Bullington, Jr.
Edna R. Bullington
Bottom (L to R)
Beverly B. Ford
Nancy B. Whatley

Ninth Child

VONA DEE BULLINGTON (m) LORA OSCAR DAVIS
married in 1911

I. Preston Homer Davis (07/18/13) (m) Louise Cribbs (10/01/18) in Athens, AL in 1940
(812 Greenwood Drive, Greensboro, N.C. 27410)
1. Jamesie Caldwell, D.D.S. (07/31/48) (m) Sharon Phillips
(3564 Tuxedo Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305)
1. Michael (06/05/69)
(m) 2nd wife Betty Ann Tucker (08/28/49)
2. James (07/20/85)
3. Ashley (11/28/49)
4. Amy Lane (03/05/81)
2. Gay Nell (10/01/48) (2544 Confederate Dr., Wilmington, N.C. 28403)
Doctorate degree University of North Carolina
Employed at UNC Research Dept. Adm., Tel: 901-763-1455

II. Prentis Glenn (11/27/15) (m) Syble Eubanks on 11/13/38
(20612 Temperance Oak Rd., Athens, AL 35611)
1. Mildred Ann (02/26/46) (m) Richard Earl Cook
1. Angela Renea (02/12/64) (m) Michael Dye
1. Taylor Michael (daughter) (06/27/92)
2. Tina Lynn (06/30/65) (m) Douglas Eugene Pittman, Sr. (div)
3. Douglas Gene

III. Paul Wyeth (10/04/18 - 08/13/86) (m) Rachel Corder
(107 Village Lane, Athens, AL)
Rachel (wife) 2nd marriage to Greer Clem, Jr.
1. Suzanne Davis (12/05/59) (m) Billy Amos Christopher
(1924 Monterey Drive, Athens, AL)

IV. Mildred Marie (dec.) (1925-1929)

V. Bessie Inell (06/17/30) (m) Douglas Pepper
(Rt. 3, Box 67, Athens, AL)
1. Lora Dawinna (10/15/50) (m) Keeton Griffin
(2570 Royal Way, Helena, AL)
2. Andy Davis (05/11/54 - 05/23/73)
3. Nancy Marie (09/08/58) (m) Tim Thornton
(Rt. 3, Box 217, Athens, AL)

Men of genius are admired; men of wealth are envied;
men of power are feared; but only men of character are trusted.

Tenth Child

NANCY BLANCHE BULLINGTON (m) JESSE DAVID CLANTON
married on June 20, 1920

I. Zadie Katherine (02/26/22) (m) Elvin Stoffregen (8/25/20) on 07/31/41 – Tel: 205-232-5571.
(510 Cloverdale Court, Athens, AL)
   1. Janet Leigh (Jan) (m) Grady Lynn Tharpe on 07/05/74 – Tel: 901-692-2621.
   (369 Parkview, Dyer, TN 38330) Jan's B.D. 5/13/54, Grady B.D. 11/13/52.
      1. Joshua Lynn Tharpe (12/09/75)

II. Jessie Aline (03/29/24) (m) Lifford Smith Tel: 205-232-2958.
(1003 Mason St., Athens, AL)
   1. Nancy Katherine (12-18-52) (m) Alfred Don Grubbs (div.) (M) Johnny McGuire 6/28/91. 100 Ezell St, Athens, Ala.
   2. Pamela Dawn (12-20-55) (m) Ricky Mark Reynolds 12737 Franklin Farm Rd, Herndon, Va. 22071 Tel: 703-758-1556
   (3065 Clinton St., Athens, AL)
   3. Cindy Lee (7-9-57) (m) Herman Edward Griffin, Jr. 2117 Davis St Athens, Ala. Tel: 205-232-6207.
   (1206 Cactus St., Athens, AL)

III. Nancy Ruth (01/19/27) (m) Charles C. Owens (dec.) Tel: 205-233-2454
(704 Meadowview St., Athens, AL)
   1. Patricia Aline (10-22-44) (Pat) (m) A.H. (Buddy) Jacobs Tel: 503-444-2080
   (132 Fred Taylor Rd., Silex, OR 97380)
   2. Charles Michael (Mike) (1/31/50) (M) Linda Hodges (11-24-52) on 6/20/71 Tel: 205-732-4905.
   (P.O. Box 236, Elkmont, AL 35620)
   3. Terri Sue (4-5-54) (m) Steve Holland (8/4/49) on 8/05/78 – Tel: 205-332-1124
   (Rt. 8, Box 405, Russellville, AL 35653)

IV. Jesse David Clanton, Jr. (12-19-31) (J.D.) (m) Nancy Gail Cottrell (02/06/42) – Tel: 205-232-6074.
(96 Brookwood Circle, Athens, AL 35611)
This marriage has seven (7) children and the entire family is listed under "Andrew and Pearl.

John Clifford Bullington at Browns Ferry Road Homeplace

August 22, 1995

A LETTER dated October 25, 1993 received from EDITH R. BULLINGTON of DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

This letter is a response to a letter written to her from Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr. Tom requested information regarding the Bullingtons in Virginia that lived around Danville and Richmond. These two Virginia cities were where some of our forbearer Bullingtons of years past lived. I have recently written Pauline Bullington and Walter Bullington asking for any information regarding their family's ancestry. This might provide a trace or clue if in later years one of our family members should decide to author additional writings about our Bullingtons. I called the Danville, Virginia, Chamber of Commerce in 1993 and asked them to send me a copy of the Danville telephone book page that listed the Bullingtons. This is how I obtained Edith Bullington's name, address, and telephone number.

Tom Bullington (August 22, 1995)

"Bullington Optical Company"
"Danville's Best"
"Over 50 Years"

October 25, 1993

Dear Tom,

I rec'd your letter today. Your book sounds interesting but I'm afraid I can't contribute any stories. My husband's (Ernest) people were all born and lived in and around Richmond. Ernest came to Danville, Virginia in 1938 and was in the optical business until he went in the hospital in May of 1989. He died May 4, 1991.

Following are the names of his family members:

1. Frank Spencer Bullington (father), an optometrist,
   Nellie Wise Bullington (mother)
2. Frank G. Bullington (brother), an optometrist
3. William R. Bullington (brother), deceased
   Pauline Bullington (wife)
   (1912 Beleaw Rd., Bon Air, Virginia 23235)
4. Walter Bullington (brother)
   (1620 Meadow Rd., Sandston, Virginia 33150) Tel: 804-737-1338

Frank G. Bullington's wife, Virginia, died about two years ago. They have one daughter, Freda Johnson.

William and Pauline Bullington have two children. They are Tommy and Shirley.

Walter Bullington has two sons, Bruce and Paul.

Pauline and Walter can probably tell you about Ernest's father's family.

I'm sorry I can't be of more help. Good luck "Cross the River".

Sincerely, Edith R. Bullington

West Limestone High School
Built By Determined People
by Bob Walker
Daily Staff Writer

SALEM - In this age of plenty, when help is easily available from the state of federal government on numerous projects, it might be difficult for some of the younger generation to fathom how it was during the Great Depression of the 1930's.

Amos Clanton remembers - especially about the determination and willingness of the people of the West Limestone area to build a new school.

Students living northwest of Elk River wishing to continue their education through high school had two choices then - attend one of the two high schools in Athens (there was then a state-supported "agricultural" school there) or Limestone County High School at Elkmont. In either case they had to travel roads that crossed river bottoms often impassable because of high water and old bridges over Elk.

The people of "Over Elk" held a series of meetings and, as a result, voted to consolidate the 13 school districts there and reassess school taxes, giving them a base for issuing bonds.

Clanton recalls that Claude Harrison, "one of the most progressive and aggressive men ever to serve on the board of education," Will H. Beasley, a member of the Board of Revenue, M.C. Grisham and Dick Corder - all dead now - accompanied him to Grant, where the D.A.R. School was located. There they found school buildings being erected of field rocks.

"Why, we've got plenty of rock like this ," Clanton recalled, "We can build it and won't have to buy any brick." Someone else spoke up and said, "We won't have to buy any sand, either; there's plenty in Round Bottom."

The group reported to their fellow citizens at another series of meetings, at which pledges were made to haul rock and sand to the school site, some as many as 100 loads. They then secured a man adept at this new - to the people of West Limestone - type of masonry, Bill Stewart, from Paint Rock Valley, and he taught them how to build with rocks.

The WPA and PWA had not been created at that time, says Clanton, but the Alabama Relief Administration, federally-supported, agreed to reimburse the county Board of Education dollar for dollar for materials used if the board would pay the workmen the $1 a day promised them. It was estimated 100 men would be employed on the project, reported the "Limestone Democrat," and the $40,000 school would be built at an actual cash outlay by the board of education of only $14,000. Work was begun Christmas week of 1934.

West Limestone High School and an adjacent vocational building were completed in September 1935. Three seniors were given diplomas in May 1936. Wilson Corder, an employee of Redstone Arsenal who still lives near the school, doesn't remember much about the graduation but does recall the other two seniors were Alan Jackson and Miss Greta Coleman.

Meanwhile, Clanton, Harrison and Beasley prevailed on State Supt. J.E. Keller to accredit the school, which had a student body of more than 300 in the junior and senior grades.

The school was partially destroyed by fire in 1944 but the 14-inch thick walls withstood the flames and they are the same walls that stand today. Clanton served two terms as superintendent of education, ending in 1941. He went to West Limestone as principal and served there until his retirement because of his health in 1954. He and Mrs. Clanton live in Athens.

Just East a bit South was an elementary school called "Mt Rosiecle". Amy taught the 1942-43 school term (2nd & 3rd) Part of the winter she boarded with a family by Gray's Diary that fall (9/11/42) she married Mr Norwood

Elizabeth Grad.
Jo
JA
Lee Ed
Marcell - Grad.
Jim - Grad

Author's Comment:

Amos Clanton and John Clifford Bullington were roommates while attending Florence State Teaches College and remained extremely close friends all of their lives. Amos Clanton was the Uncle of Katherine, Aline, Ruth, and J.D. Clanton and the father of Dr. D.K. Clanton and Mary Ella Clanton. Many of the Bullington family members attended this high school.

Katherine Clanton Stoffregen Comments:

Amos Clanton was my father's brother. I wish to honor the memories also of my father's and Uncle Amos's three sisters who were:

Maxie Lerene Clanton
Belle Clanton Massey
Willie Clanton Bullington

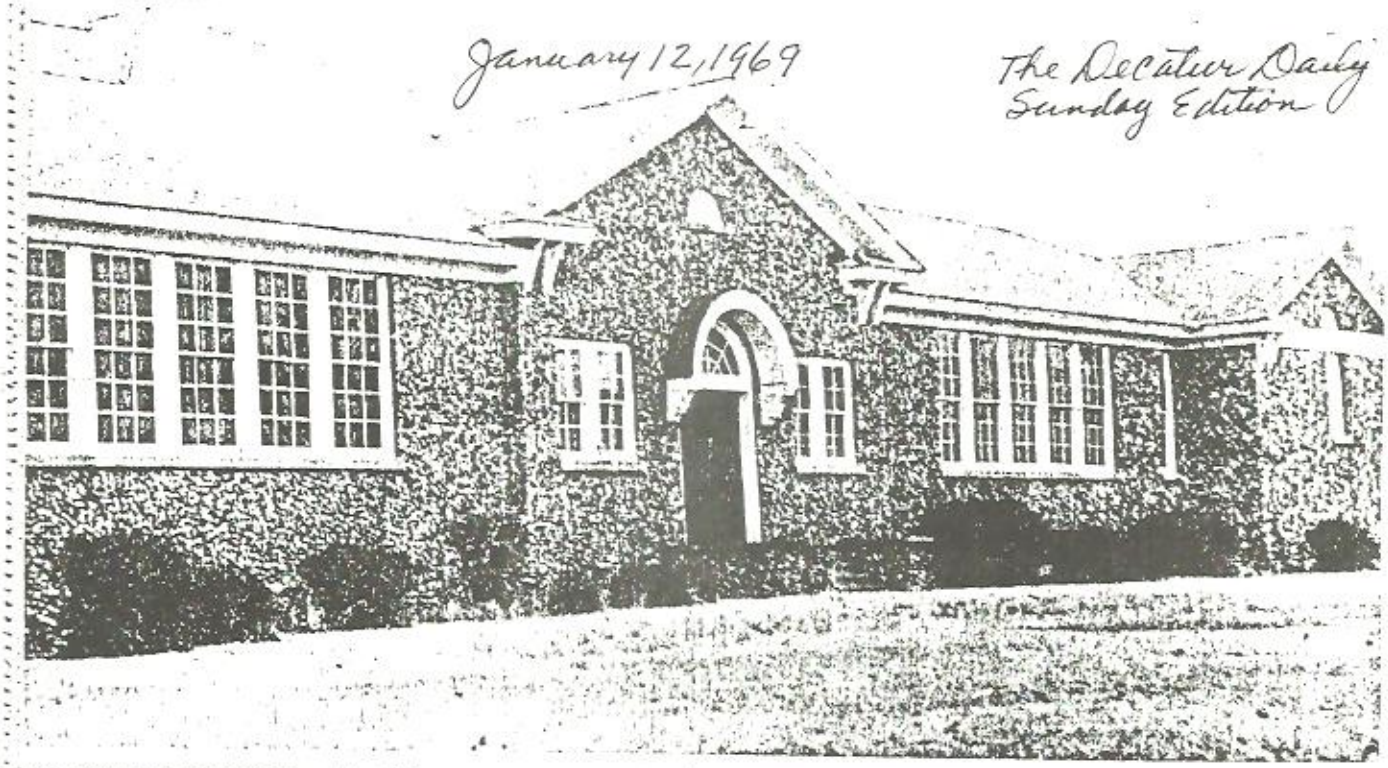
John Clifford Bullington grave decorations Athens City Cemetery 1/13/77.

AMOS CLANTON

Professor Amos Clanton, lifetime teacher, principal, and Limestone County Alabama Supt. of Education. He was the Uncle of Katherine, Aline, Ruth, and J.D. Clanton. His wife was Bess Clanton. He was the father of Billy, Dr. D.K., and Mary Ella Clanton Scanlon

January 12, 1969

The Decatur Daily
Sunday Edition



SCHOOL STILL STANDS — West Limestone High School at Salem was built in 1935 of native field stone hauled to the site by people of the area. It is in use today despite a fire which damaged it in 1944.

A WORTHWHILE CAUSE

The Author received a letter from Elizabeth Bullington Carter dated October 1, 1995. Elizabeth is the wife of Howard Carter. They live at 1515 W. Pine, Athens, Alabama 35611. Their telephone number is 205-232-3557.

The information in Elizabeth's letter regards the burial grounds of Henderson A. Bullington and Elizabeth Sanderson Bullington. They were the grandparents of the ten patriarchs/matriarchs as they are referred to in the family book, "Cross the River".

Henderson A. Bullington (12/01/1809-10/17/1860) and Elizabeth Ann Sanderson Bullington were married on January 12, 1826. They were the grandparents of my father, John Clifford Bullington, and, of course, the great grandparents of mine and all of my Bullington first cousins.

I didn't have the slightest idea as to where they were buried. Evidently hardly any of their living ancestors knew until this recent research and discovery came to light. This is very recent family news.

It seems that no one took the time and effort to care and to seek out where our Limestone County Alabama forbearers were laid to rest until recently.

Thus with this background I will quote Elizabeth's letter.

"I don't know if you are aware of where the grandfather and grandmother of Joe, Eddie, Andrew, Mack, Wiley, Vea, Wallace, Clifford, Vona, and Blanche are buried.

Marilyn Bullington Garrett of 301 Crutcher Circle, Athens, Alabama, and the daughter of Henderson and Olna Bullington got me interested in the project.

My husband, Howard Carter did a lot of searching also.

O'neal Bates, the son of Ethel Bullington Bates, whose address is 401 Bullington Road, Athens, Alabama was of considerable help.

So we found their burial grounds.

They are buried in a little area near West Limestone in a wooded area that is located in the back side of the Salem Spring Baptist Church.

Mr. Hardaway owns the land. Cattle roam the area. After contacting Mr. Hardaway he informed us that he is willing to let the Bullington family construct a fence around the burial area. I was hoping that some of you men folk could get in behind this. Could not a fencing company give an estimate or measure it first and then give an estimate of materials needed and then hire an individual to do the putting up of the fence? Would it include a gate?

I thought in your next contact with the Bullington family members that you could ask for a small donation to help toward this project.

Let me know what your intent is."

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Bullington Carter

Author's Comments: I replied to Elizabeth's letter and expressed my appreciation for her research and efforts in this matter. I offered a contribution whenever the proper time arrives. I suggested that a family member, or members, or a family committee look into the cost of constructing a fence and gate and what it will take to clean up the burial grounds and then let the committee oversee it. I believe the committee should be comprised of family members that live in Athens and Limestone County. I can't remember whether or not I offered a suggestion of names. Those who have done the original research should, in my opinion, be a part of the committee. If I was appointing a committee, I would think of these people:

Elizabeth and Howard Carter
O'Neal Bates
Marilyn Garrett
Prentis Davis
Johnny Bullington
Katherine Stoffregen

We can ask for donations at our next Bullington Reunion in amounts of $5.00 and up. There will be several much larger donations.

Tom Bullington
October 28, 1995

ATTITUDE

The longer I live the more I realize the impact of attitude on life. It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than successes, than what other people think, say, or do. It is more important than appearance, giftedness or skill. It will make or break a company - a church - a home.

The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past - we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way. We cannot change the inevitable. The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude. I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it. And so it is with you - we are in charge of our ATTITUDES.

Author Unknown.

The Bullingtons of Arabia

by Colonel Terry W. Bullington

Little did we know when Iraq invaded Kuwait in August how much it would affect our family. I was serving as the Operations officer for the 1st Infantry Division, "The Big Red One," at Ft. Riley Kansas. In early November of 1990 the 1st Infantry Division was alerted to deploy as part of the U.S. Forces to participate in Desert Shield/Desert Storm. I spent from December 1990 to May of 1991 in the desert of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and southern Iraq. The entire time during Desert Shield and Storm was spent with all of us living in tents in the desert dealing with the dust, heat, insects and other hardships of desert life. When my time came to redeploy to Ft. Riley I remember saying to my companions that thank goodness I'd never see this God forsaken-desert again. I should have known better, Cindy always reminds me never to say never.

In December 1991 I received a call from my old boss who had been the Commanding General of the 1st Infantry Division during the Gulf War. He asked if I was interested in coming to join him in his new job as senior U.S. Army representative in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. The job would entail fielding all the New U.S. military equipment the Saudi Armed Forces was purchasing. Cindy and I discussed the possibility of going to Saudi Arabia. During 22 years of military service we had spent time in Europe and the United States, but never anywhere close to the Middle East. The one big concern was that Carie, our daughter, was to be a senior in high school the next year. If she accompanied us to Saudi Arabia, she would have to attend boarding school in England. The Saudis do not let any boys and girls attend school together after the ninth grade. After a careful family meeting we decided we would take our last great adventure of our military career, and that Carie would stay with my mother and dad in Gould, Oklahoma. This would allow her to graduate from Hollis High school. So in July 1992 we departed for what we thought would be a two-year tour of duty in Saudi Arabia. Cindy's guidance of never say never had been proven true once more.

Upon our arrival we were very fortunate. Cindy was immediately hired to teach kindergarten at the American branch of the Saudi Arabian International School in Riyadh. The school is operated to serve the great western population in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Cindy found herself in a class of 18 five-years-olds from eleven different countries. All of the children speak English, though some better than others. She is currently in her fourth year of teaching and loving it more all the time. Each child brings a special something to the class that only a mixed international group could share. I was fortunate enough to be assigned as the Senior Advisor to the Commander of the Royal Saudi Land Forces. He is the equivalent of the Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army.

Shortly after we settled in Saudi Arabia, we were introduced to the rich travel opportunities here in the Middle East. Though we still have lots of places yet to visit, we have traveled far more than we ever expected. The headquarters we are assigned to in Riyadh has regularly scheduled trips throughout the Middle East, with a guide provided.

So far we have been comfortable to travel on our own with friends. Our journeys have taken us to Petra, the Nabothian city carved in the rocks in southern Jordan. North to Amman, the capital of Jordan and one of the most modern cities we have seen. We have stood on Mt. Nebo, the supposed burial site of Moses. As we stood on Mt. Nebo we gazed across the Jordan Valley and in the distance could see Jericho. Our guide pointed in another direction from Mt. Nebo the location of Moses' Spring. The location where Moses struck the rock and water pour forth. In another day trip out of Amman , we visited the Dead Sea. In Damascus we walked on The Street Called Straight. It was almost unbelievable for us to think we were in the places we had read about in the Bible. The travels to Jordan, Syria as well as the United Arab Emirates will always be a highlight of our time in the Middle East. We hope to visit Egypt before our tour here is completed.

Our time here in Saudi Arabia has not all been filled with fun and travel. To live in a country whose national population is 100% Muslim requires some adjustments. The first adjustment is getting used to the prayers five times per day. I have never been against anyone praying as often as they like, however, prayers in Saudi Arabia are a little different. Depending on the time of the year the prayers occur at different times, but the start times never vary more than 30 to 45 minutes. The first prayer occurs between 3:30 and 4:30 a.m.. The second prayer time is around noon. The third prayer is at mid afternoon around 3:00 p.m.. The last two prayers are about 5:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. When prayer time comes all stores, restaurants and businesses must close. They remain closed for the 30 to 45 minutes designated as prayer time. We have had all the lights turned off in a restaurant in the middle of our meal until prayer time was over. Other restaurants require you to leave whether you are finished eating or not. We can adjust to most of the prayer times that are published daily in the paper, but the loud calls to prayer from the minarets are hard to get used to. In past times the religious men would climb to the top of the minarets and call the people to prayer. Now with modern conveniences and electricity the call to prayer is done by loud speakers atop the towers of the mosque. Imagine resting quietly in bed when a loud speaker less than a block from your bedroom starts blasting the call to prayer at 3:30 in the morning.

Another major adjustment to the Muslim culture is the way they treat women. Cindy is required to adorn the black abbaya whenever she goes anywhere in public. The abbaya is a floor length black robe-type garment that fits over the woman's body to completely cover her. Though the Saudi women also wear a scarf and veil that completely cover their heads, western women do not suffer the same fate. Cindy does have to carry a scarf, and from time to time she will be told by the religious police to cover her head. Thank goodness we live on an all western compound and are allowed to dress any way we want within the compound. Ladies even get to lay by the pool in their swimsuits within the confines of our compound. There are no real changes to men's clothing in Saudi Arabia. One exception is that shorts are not permitted in public.

Although all of our food items are flown in weekly from either the U.S. or Germany, we do shop and often eat on the local economy. The main staples of the Saudi diet are

rice, chicken, lamb, beef and seafood plus a variety of vegetables very similar to what westerners eat. No pork of any kind is allowed in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. We do get pork in our shipments from the U.S., but not to be shared with anyone other than U.S. military and civilian personnel. I am often asked to attend a Saudi Kapsa. That is a meal prepared for a gathering of men and very often is eaten in a tent while seated on a rug-covered floor. The meal is primarily rice and lamb or goat. The meal when served in the Saudi traditional way will have no eating utensils or plates from which to eat. The entire lamb is served on a bed of rice on a tray that is approximately three feet across. The men gather around the tray and eat with their hands. Thus, the westerners have dubbed this way of eating as a "goat grab." The thing I have avoided for more than three years is being considered the honored guest. This person unfortunately is given the tongue or eyeball of the lamb as a real delicacy. After the senior officers have eaten, the next level of officers and men is allowed to come to the same trays and eat what has been left. In the same manner, if invited to a Saudi home, the men eat first and the leftovers are then taken to the women to eat. A normal Saudi meal of this type will usually not begin before 9:00 to 10:00 p.m., so the women may not get to eat until near midnight.

The most hazardous part of living in Saudi Arabia is driving. There are absolutely no rules of the road that are followed. The only rule here is what is know as the "nose of the camel." The front end of the vehicle represents the nose of the camel. If the front on a driver's car is even the slightest bit in front of your vehicle, he is assumed to have the right of way. Daily I see drivers make left turns from the right lane or right turns from the left lanes. A traffic light is something you obey only if you can't get around some westerner that has stopped at the light and blocked your path. Saudis don't have small wrecks. They obey no traffic regulations. To complicate all of this and make driving even more dangerous, they are the most impatient people in the world when they are in a car. Women are not allowed to drive in Saudi Arabia. Though the fact that they cannot drive makes most western women angry, I think it may be a blessing in disguise. There is absolutely no alcohol allowed in Saudi Arabia, even though many Saudi friends have offered me a drink at their home. They find a way to get around every written law and religious principle. I had a Saudi friend tell me a short time ago that they were very lucky no alcohol was allowed in Saudi Arabia. He said can you imagine how dangerous it would be on the roads if we allowed drinking. He probably has a good point since they already have more wrecks than anywhere else in the world.

Another adjustment that is required of westerners living in Saudi Arabia is giving up the right to worship freely. Open religious services are not allowed in the Kingdom. Most people are able to sneak in a family Bible in their shipment of furniture, but custom officials will seize any type of religious material being carried into the country. Church services are conducted in secret on U.S. military compounds. These services are most often lead by laymen. From time-to-time a chaplain from a deployed military unit will act as the preacher, but this must also be done in secret.

Overall we have enjoyed our time in Saudi Arabia. I compare this experience as living in a 17th Century culture with 21st Century conveniences. We have enjoyed this

tour so much that we have recently extended our stay here until July or 1997. What began as a two-year tour will end up being a five-year tour. You might wonder what would make anyone want to stay in a place like Saudi Arabia for five years. Let me briefly tell you some of the benefits for us. First, since we came in the service in 1970, I have asked Cindy to give up her job and career every time the Army moved me. It was always Cindy that had to beat the street to find a job, all I had to do was report for duty. In Saudi Arabia Cindy has been able to work in the same job for four years. A job she really enjoys. We have been able to travel to a part of the world that we would have only been able to read about had it not been for this assignment. To add to our benefits we are provided wonderful living conditions, a car, fuel, extra pay and a time for Cindy and me to get to know each other better. This is the first time in 24 years that we have been the only two members of our family in our home. We are not exactly excited about that, but it is time we started getting ready for retired life together. This has been a great start for a retirement we expect to occur within the next three or four-years. The Bullingtons of Arabia hope to return to a final assignment in the military to Oklahoma in the summer of 1997. We will have completed our last great adventure and will be well on the way to becoming permanent farming residents in southwest Oklahoma. We have made the complete journey and returned to the roots of our raising that my grandfather Thomas Wallace started so many years ago.

A Portion of Terry's Letter Received October 1995

Tom,

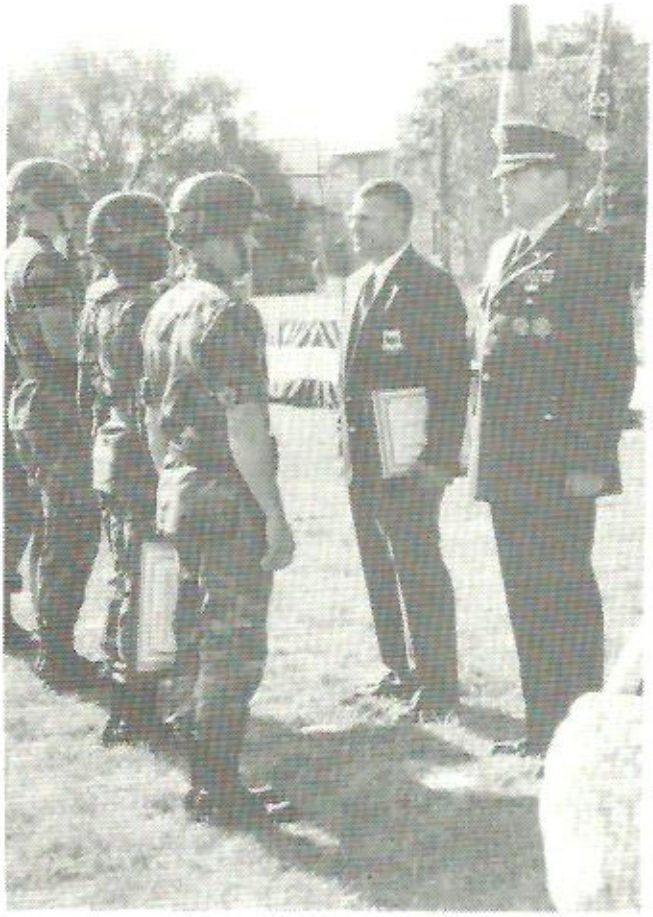
I have finally written the little story of our life in Saudi Arabia. I have tried to keep it short and include some facts that I think might be interesting to the family. When I got started, I found as I am sure you have with all of your work on the Bullingtons, I could almost write a book.

Please feel free to edit this in any way you desire. If I can be of more assistance please let me know. I have included the file on disk so it may be edited or condensed as you see fit. The program I used to produce the story is WordPerfect version 6.1. The file name is bullingt.wpd.

I will be in Anniston, Alabama on the 20th October. I am escorting a group of Saudi officers to Washington, D.C. on the 13th of October, then on to Anniston on the 19th. I will fly to Birmingham on the 19th, rent a car and drive to Anniston. We will visit the Army depot there on Friday the 20th and I leave to go back to Washington on the evening of the 20th. I tried to get closer to Fayetteville, but I couldn't arrange it legally. I will try to call you while I am in Alabama.

Don't give up on the tape and video of Saudi Arabia. I am still working on both. I have been traveling every week since I returned from Alabama. We have had 6 visiting Generals that I have had to escort around the Kingdom. Maybe things will slow down once I complete this next trip to Washington and Anniston. Hope to see you soon in my travels. Please tell everyone hello for me and how much I enjoyed my last visit to Athens and Fayetteville.

Terry

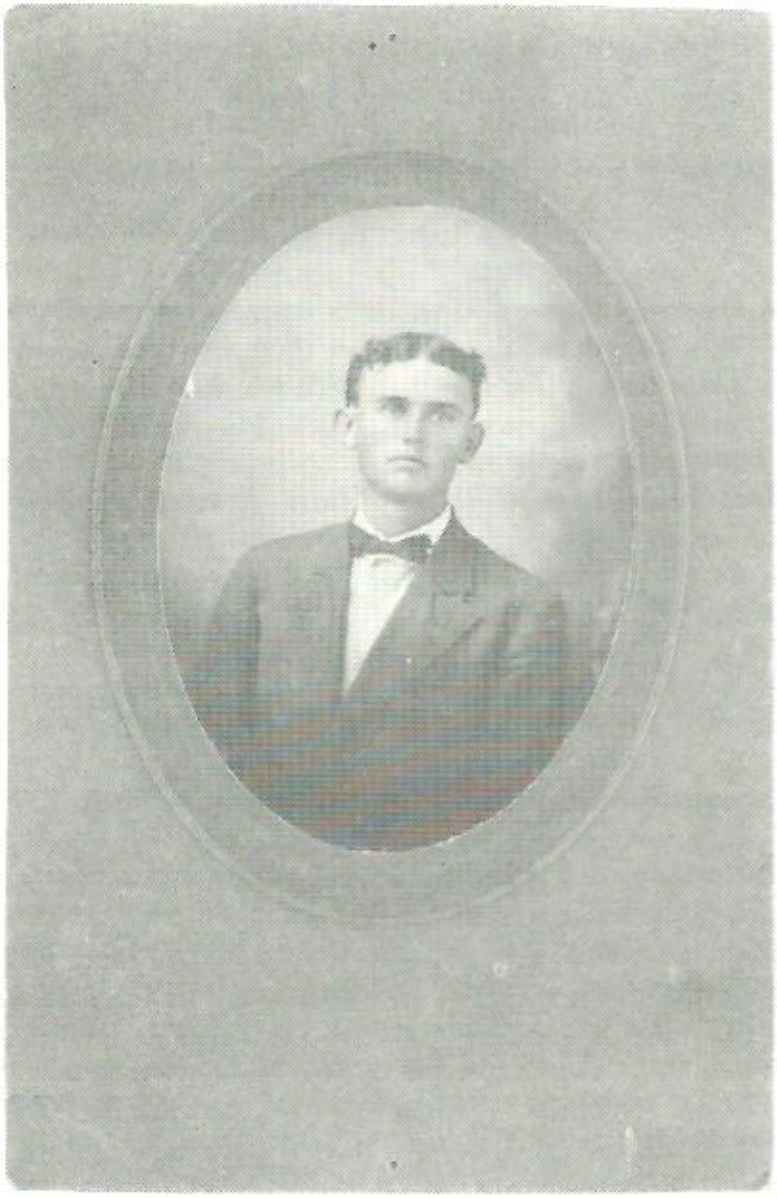


Colonel Terry Wallace Bullington
(second from right, no cover on head)

Date
August 16, 1994

Ceremony
Induction as a Distinguished Member of the 37th Army Regiment and into the First Infantry Division Hall of Fame

Place
Fort Riley, Kansas



Thomas Wallace (T. W.) Bullington
Limestone County, Alabama
At 20 Years of Age about year 1904.
Husband of Vera Martin Bullington
Father of Martin Hughes and Neff Edward Bullington,

THE NIGHT POP AND I FOUND FROG HEAVEN

By John Holt Richardson, Jr.
(Grandson of Thomas Harold Bullington, Sr. and Jean Black Bullington)

(Son of Jack and Dinah Richardson)

Foreword: At the time this story was written, John was a senior student at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. Presently, as a U.T. graduate, he is associated with his father in real estate and insurance and is enrolled in law school . He is an all-American young man who is a credit and a blessing to his family and his country. His character is beyond reproach, and his personality and morals are widely recognized as strong and wholesome. Besides being a top student, he is well rounded, enjoys sports and fun, and enjoys dedication to any job that he undertakes. I am very pleased and proud of John. He is a family person and is very attentive to his parents, grandparents, and all family members.

JOHN'S STORY

It happened one warm summer night back in early June of 1984. The weather was just right for a perfect night of gigging bullfrogs. Pop (my grandfather, Tom) and I headed out to hunt and circle several farm ponds located in western Lincoln County, Tennessee, (Fayetteville) at about 9 P.M. The night was dark. Moonless nights are the best for frog hunting because your shadow doesn't reflect upon the water's surface. Little did we realize at the time that this would be the most exciting and most remembered night in Pop's frog-gigging history, which spanned a period of 50 years. While most other young junior and senior high students were roaming about with their friends on a Friday night, here I was with my grandfather, approaching the sounds and stillness and darkness of an early summer night as we walked the woods, fields, and pastures in search of "Brother Freddie the Frog."

The night was young. We were excited and ready to go. When frogging with Pop, you can pretty well bet that you will be out late into the wee hours of the morning. After the hunt you will dress the frog legs, clean up, shower, and by the time you get in bed, it will be around 2:00 A.M. This is the pattern. It is special and tremendously exciting for me to stay out late "frogging" with my grandfather. It is one of the two major hobbies I seem to have acquired from Pop, both of which I will always remember and enjoy for the rest of my life.

Fishing, of course, as those of you who know my grandfather realize, is the second hobby he taught me as a young man. This is a hobby that I have come to appreciate more and more as I have matured. Pop really enjoys it! He has even flown to the Arctic Ocean to fish.

Anyway, back to our big frog gigging night. We pulled out of the driveway located on Third and Swanson and soon took a right turn at the end of the street onto U.S. Highway 64 which leads out into the county towards Frankewing and McBurg - - a little

added information for those of you familiar with the county.

As the night progressed, we did what we always did every time we went frogging. We pulled off on several dirt roads and hit a few ponds and got a few frogs while enjoying each other's fellowship, as we would say. Most of the time we would drink a coke or two for every two or three ponds we hit, eat some crackers and bologna with hot sauce, and Pop often would insist on signing songs while we rode in the truck from pond to pond. I always used to wonder why he never tried a singing career. Move over Frank Sinatra--Tom Bullington's here. Anyway, we hit a few ponds and gigged for about an hour up and down back roads before pulling back onto U.S. Highway 64. We went out a ways before pulling off of the road into the driveway of a good sized house on the left side of the road off of 64. Pop said he knew the people who lived in this house. Pop knows a lot of people who live in a lot of houses in Lincoln County because he was an active veterinarian for years, making house and farm calls at all hours of the day and night. This can come in handy when people find you trespassing on their property trying to gig frogs on their ponds. Anyway, we got out of the car and started across a field when suddenly, Pop said, "Woah! Come here, John, and be quiet and listen. Listen and you can hear the frogs croak." Sure enough, as Pop and I stood there in the middle of that field and listened, you could hear very faintly in the distance the sound of , "Burr-rim, Burr-rim, Burr-rim," this being the bellow of a bullfrog for those of you who are city folks and have not been blessed by getting to hear this sweet sound. We both got really excited, and Pop said, "Listen, John, Listen. It sounds like a frog-singing convention!" We then began to walk again and shortly reached the woods.

While walking through the woods, Pop and I were very careful to watch where we were going and to look out for each other. We crossed two or three fences on the way to the sacred pond of frogs and, of course, kept our ears open, stopping several more times just to listen to the music of the frogs. Needless to say, we were excited! Little by little the sound of the frogs got stronger, and we both began to get exalted as we knew we were drawing nearer to the pond.

I'll never forget that long but memorable and exciting search for what turned out to be the pond of all ponds!

I bet Pop and I hadn't walked 100 yards when we came upon this big, very old graveyard in the field to our right. It was surrounded by a stone wall and was indeed kind of spooky on that night, especially since there was no moon to illuminate things and the night was literally pitch black. Pop soon went on to inform me that the graveyard was an old Civil War graveyard with graves dating back as far as 1820. Many good Confederate soldiers, God bless them, had been laid to rest in the very graveyard we were passing by on our way to gig frogs. This was especially interesting to me as I am a Civil War buff. It was at this time that Pop and I began to realize that we had found a jewel as far as frog ponds go. We were out of the plastic sleeves we had brought along to put our frogs in after our first go round of the pond and didn't know what we were going to do. Where would we put the rest of the frogs if we continue? It was at this time that I took off my Tennessee football jersey, tied knots in the sleeves, and also tied knots in the bottom of my shirt, this, of course, providing a place for more frogs to be stored. (I wonder if Pop would have let me mess up an Auburn football jersey that way). Pop and I then proceeded to go around the pond two or three more

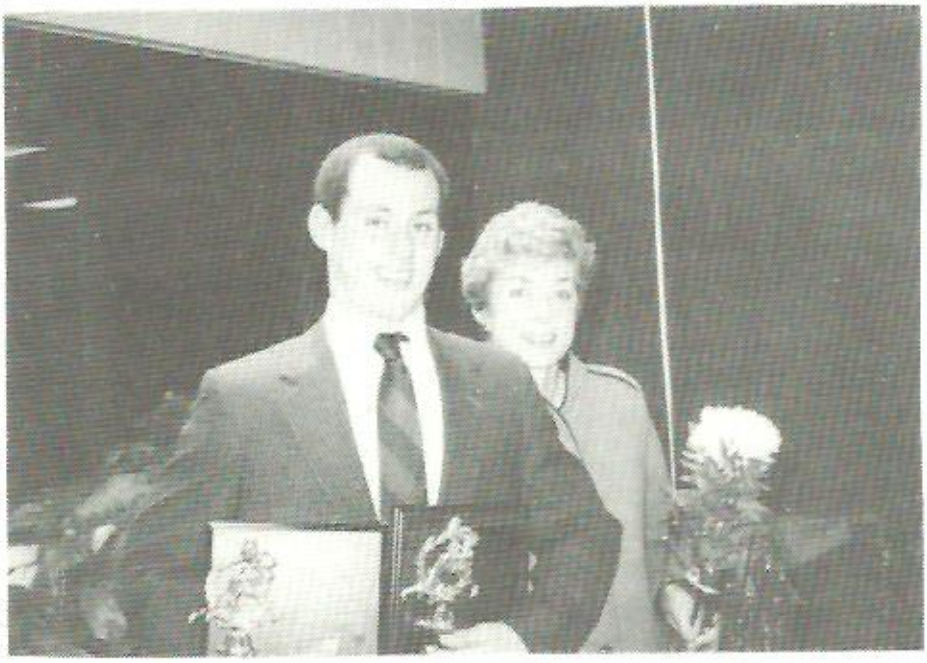
times, gigging more frogs. Each time we would get a frog, we would simply cut its legs off and stick them into my shirt. We cut the legs off to allow more room for more frogs in my shirt. Frog backs are edible, too, but have much less meat on them than the frog legs, and they do take up room. Eventually, we filled my shirt up, crammed a few more frogs into our pockets, and headed back through the woods past the Civil War graveyard and back to Pop's truck.

On the walk back we talked and talked about the pond we had just found and all of the frogs we had gigged. I told Pop that I couldn't believe we got so many big frogs off of one pond, and he replied by saying that in all of the many times he had been frog gigging over the years, he had never seen anything like this. Never had he gotten so many frogs off of one pond. We must have gotten sixty or so frogs in one lick, and all big frogs!

Well, we went on to gig on other ponds that night, but none compared to the one I just described, and when our night of gigging came to an end, we agreed that this pond of all ponds was ours and ours only, and we each vowed not to take anyone else to it -- selfish, I suppose -- but it was special to us.

However, I must close by saying that someday I not only hope to take my grandson gigging on this very same pond and tell him about the night that his great-great grandfather and I gigged this pond in the year 1984, but I hope to tell him of the fun and fellowship we had together and that I hope someday he can do the same thing with his grandfather, my dad.

What delicious extra special suppers we enjoyed; several of them, hot fluffy biscuits, white flour gravy, tender Tennessee frog legs, scrambled eggs, sliced vine ripe tomatoes, and cold ice tea and milk. Nothing could be better!



John Holt Richardson, Jr. and his mother, Dinah Jean Billington Richardson (about 1990).

L to R: John H. Richardson, Jason M. Brown, Paul B. Richardson.

The Tom and Jean Bullington Family – Easter Sunday 1970.
L to R: Bottom: Amy, Lisa
Top: Jack Richardson, Dinah, Jean, Tom, Betty, Tulah, Tommy.

Katherine Clanton Stoffregen, Wife of Elvin Stoffregen
Daughter of Blanche Bullington Clanton and Jesse D. Clanton

My Stories and My Thoughts

I want to take this opportunity to thank Tom and to congratulate him for the wonderful "Cross the River" book about the Bullingtons of Limestone County, Alabama. His devotion and leadership of the family will be appreciated through years to come. I rejoice that we have this lovely book, thanks to him and his devoted wife Jean.

In response to his request that we, (the family) do a supplement to this book, I will update our story.

After eleven years in Winchester, Tennessee, where our son-in-law worked as minister with the Church of Christ at Dechard, Tennessee, our daughter, Jan, and son-in-law, Grady Lynn Tharpe, and grandson, Joshua moved to Dyer, Tenn. Our son-in-law is working as minister at the Church of Christ in Dyer. Our grandson, Joshua will be attending Freed Hardeman College at Henderson, Tenn. where his father and mother met in 1974.

Elvin and I continue to enjoy our retirement. We travel every chance we have, are active in Church, read, garden and really enjoy people and look forward to every day the Lord gives us.

For our wedding anniversary July 31, 1975, we discovered the Hemlock Inn in Bryson City, N.C. Since that time we have visited at least once and many times each year with our friends, the Inn Keepers, Ella Joe and John Shells. We have been enriched by these visits and have met many dear friends there.

We have kept cards, clippings, brochures, souvenir match books and logs of trips from all over. These cover our beautiful country from Key West at the tip of Florida, the colorful New England States, highlights of Washington, DC, New York, Boston, Toronto, Quebec, Mackinaw Island, to the glaciers and ice fields and beautiful Lake Louise nestled in the beautiful Canadian Rockies. We have visited the glorious Buchart Gardens close to Vancouver, B.C. took the ferry ride to Seattle and back through the Western Rockies and other majestic sights of the West.

Recently, I decided to review some of the trips Elvin and I have taken over the years. We both thank our God that we have been blessed with good health and the opportunity to travel.

We have traveled extensively with a group from Athens called the Early Birds, organized by a wonderful couple, Mildred and Keenum Parham; she, a retired teacher and he a retired postman. They always looked after our every need even to seeing that we all had opportunity for worship services and morning devotions. We have traveled in all 50 states except Hawaii, several times in Canada to Mexico (one of the most interesting). In 1989, we had a tour to Nova Scotia, Halifax, Prince Edward Island, Quebec and Montreal, and back via Niagra Falls.

We made our dream trip to Alaska over the Alaskan Highway and back, by ship, through the Inland Passage, in July 1989. Then in April of 1990, we made our fabulous trip south of the border to Mexico. We found one of the most foreign countries, yet

close to home, a real adventure. We traveled to Laredo, Texas via bus. There we went into Mexico and went by train to Mexico City. Enroute to Mexico City via Monterey We saw the terrible living conditions of the very poor Mexicans all along the train route. We were so excited to be in Mexico City, the largest city in the world, twenty-two million people. We started our tour at the Zocala, or square, the largest in the world. There we saw the beautiful government building, the magnificent National Cathedral and the National Office Building. There we saw a mural as we started climbing stairs, depicting the history and habits of the history of Mexico up to the Mexico of today. We visited the Shrine of Guadalupe, the National Shrine of Mexico. This cathedral has twelve chapels, all hanging in gold and other splendors. We visited the Pyramids of Tootchuacan, where we learned more of the history and habits of the Mexican people. Our stay in Mexico City was a gala fiesta that we will remember always.

We traveled a westward route to the city of Queretaro where Maximillian was executed.

Guanajuantai was the next city and here we stayed overnight in the castle Santa Cecilla. In this city we visited the famed Valencia gold mine. Our guide told us 32,000 ounces of gold are mined each day. Here we also visited the famous Museum of Mummies.

We arrived in Mazatlan, a beautiful city in the Sierra Madre Mountains on the beautiful Pacific Ocean. From there we went to Los Mochis where we changed to a train and traveled through 86 tunnels and 36 bridges. After 12 hours we arrived in Chihuahua. After 2 weeks south of the border we were glad to cross the Rio Grande into Texas.

In March of 1993 we went with a group to England. It was a Continental Introduction to 8 European countries by Globus Tours in 16 days. The experience was wonderful for Elvin and me. We flew to London landing at Gatwick International Airport. We took a walking tour of London with a couple of friends, who had lived in London. Saw Trafalgar Square with its hundreds of pigeons, Nelson's Columns, St. Martins in the fields, Tate Gallery, the Admiralty Arch/ the Admiralty was where Winston Churchhill planned his war maneuvers, Great Scotland Yard, 10 Downing Street, Big Ben and Westminister Abbey, Houses of Parliament, Westminister Bridge and the Thames River. Walked the Pall Mall leading to Buckingham Palace, saw Changing of the Guard at Horse Guards Parade. We ate at a Pub called the Silver Cross.

Next day we saw the City of London via bus. We went about 30 miles out in the Country to Windsor Castle. The 850 room castle dominates the countryside. It is very ornate and furnished with massive antiques. The queen lives there part time. Back in London we visited the Tower of London, where we saw the fabulous Crown Jewels. London is the second largest city in Europe, Paris being the largest.

We crossed the North Sea leaving from the City of Harwick and arriving at the Hook of Holland the next day. We enjoyed touring the Netherlands. The country and the flowers are beautiful. The Dutch people are friendly, working very hard, fighting the sea, and preserving their land with canals and dikes. We visited Zaanse Schans with its windmills and clog makers, and ate at the colorful fishing village of Volendam. After lunch we moved on to Amsterdam for a sightseeing cruise aboard a glass-roofed launch through the capitol's maze of canals.

In Amsterdam we visited a diamond factory and watched cutting and polishing of precious stones.

At Utrecht we soon crossed into Germany taking the autobahn with no speed limit. The highlight of a lunch break in Cologne was a visit to the awesome twin-spired Gothic Cathedral. We boarded an excursion steamer and cruised the romantic Rhine past castle-crested cliffs, vineyards and quaint towns.

We arrived in Heidelberg, Germany's oldest University city. Enjoyed the sweeping view from Heidelberg's red-walled castle. We crossed the watershed between the Rhine and Danube rivers, into the valleys of Bavaria. We had a stop in the Passion Play village of Oherammergau. There we crossed into the Austrian Tyrol and into Insbruck. We took a pleasant walk through the quaint medieval streets to see Emperor Maximillian's Golden Roof.

We traveled the spectacular Brenner Pass road through the Tyrolean Alps into Italy. Traveling through a blizzard in the Alps we arrived in the City of Venice. We had a tour of this romantic City. We saw St. Mark's Square with the Clock Tower, the Basilica, lavish Doges Palace. We watched skilled Glass Blowers fashion their delicate objects. The highlight was a cruise in the gondolas with a serenade by Italian musicians.

We traveled south along the plains of the mighty River Po across the Etrusean Apennine mountain range into the vine and olive clad Tuscan hills around Greve. We sped along the Highway of the Sun to the Eternal City of Rome. Our sightseeing started with sights of the beautiful Piazza, Venezia, The Forum and the Colosseum, where we heard of the gladiators and christian martyrs. Finally, we visited St. Peters Square and Basilica and the gardens of Trivoli. We traveled north to Florence, along the Mediterranean Sea, where we saw Michelangelo's celebrated David and other sculpture in the galleries and museums.

Traveling north we saw the amazing Leaning Tower of Pizza. We took the famous St. Getthard Highway through majestic alpine scenery to Lucerne, Switzerland.

Lucerne is a medieval city with its Lion Monument, the famous 14th century covered wooden bridge and the ornate houses of the old Walled Tower. We shopped there for Swiss watches, climbed Mt. Palatus by cable car to over 7,000 feet. Saw breath-taking views of mountains, snow and Swiss Chalets.

Then we had a fast ride on a modern highway skirting the vineyards of Burgundy to Paris, the city of light and the (highlight) of our European tour. A local guide carried us sightseeing to landmarks on banks of the Seine River, Arc of Triomphe, the Louvre, Champs-Elysees, the Gothic Cathedral of Notre Dame. For a panoramic view we took the elevator to the first floor of the Eiffel Tower.

We flew from Paris home, arriving the same day.

How wonderful to arrive back in Athens, Alabama safely and with the knowledge that there is no place like home.

Katherine Clanton Stoffregen

P.S. We treasure the wonderful memories and Godly examples of Aunt Ruby and Uncle Clifford Bullington.

News on Ruth Clanton Owens, the daughter of
Nancy Blanche Bullington Clanton and Jessie David Clanton, Sr.

Life On A Faraway Island

In 1976 I had been working for Civil Service at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama for about 12 years. At that time I was offered an opportunity to go to Kwajalein Island to work for Uncle Sam. I had never heard of the place and I certainly didn't know where it was located. I was soon to learn, however, that Kwajalein Island or "Kwaj" as it is called for short, is one of a chain of small islands which make up the Marshalese Islands, located in the mid-South Pacific Ocean. The U.S. Army conducts missile test operations at this site in conjunction with Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. Kwajalein is a ring-shaped island which almost completely surrounds a lagoon.

Other than one three-week trip to Washington, D.C., I had never done any traveling while working for civil service. So I was excited over the idea of going to this faraway place. My three children, Pat Jacobs, Mike Owens, and Terri Holland, were grown by this time and were already living away from home, so I decided that it was a great opportunity for me.

The longest plane trip I had ever made was in store for me exactly three weeks after I accepted the tour of duty at Kwajalein. It was necessary for an employee to complete one full year of duty from the day of arrival on-island before he could go home on leave or end his tour of duty. So I left before Christmas in 1976 in order to complete my year and come home for Christmas in 1977, My children, grandchildren, and I celebrated Christmas about two weeks early in 1976 due to the fact that I was leaving.

As I said, I had three weeks to clear out my desk at Redstone Arsenal, put my household things in storage, and prepare for my new venture.

The trip to Kwajalein Island took me from Huntsville, Alabama to Los Angeles, California, to Honolulu Hawaii, where I was met at the airport by some of our civil service people, a family who was stationed there. They presented me with a lei of beautiful flowers, which is one of the ways the native Hawaiians welcome visitors to their island. They had my hotel room reserved for me where I spent one night, and left early the next day on my final lap to Kwajalein. I didn't get to sightsee in Hawaii then, but I was to return there at least 6 or 8 times during the next 4 1/2 years. I went through there each time I came back home and when I returned to Kwaj.

When I arrived at Kwajalein I worked in the Office of the Commander. I was secretary to the Deputy Commander. It was an interesting job and all the "important" people on Kwaj eventually came through there. Our office was located in the same building that the airline terminal was, so that was where a lot of the action was. It was really a good feeling to watch the planes landing and taking off because that was our link to the rest of the world out there on that tiny island in the middle of the South Pacific. Actually, there really weren't that many planes coming and going there. Also, there were limited communications by way of radio and television when I first arrived there. I am sure that it has been improved by now. Of course, we could talk with our

families by telephone pretty often, but that was not something we did on a daily basis. A short 10 minute call was not expensive, but sometimes when talking to family, you tend to prolong your conversation.

One day about 10 o'clock in the morning someone came through our office and announced that the King of the Marshallese Islands had just gotten off a plane. You can imagine how exciting it was going to be to see a king, and he was coming to see the Commander. So we all put on our best behavior and anxiously waited for him to appear! When he came though the door with his "entourage", it was hard to determine which one was the king. Finally, he was pointed out to me. He was a little short, black man with kinky hair, wearing shorts and tee shirt, and a ball cap and tennis shoes. We were told that the natives would try to hide their young ladies when the king came to their island, because if the king saw one he wanted, he would just take her with him!

There were very few natives living on the island of Kwaj. It was actually more like an army base, and mostly Americans and their families lived there. The natives commuted from the island of Ebeye, which was about 30 minutes from Kwaj by slow ferry. They came to the island early in the morning to work (as construction workers, housekeepers, etc.) and they left by ferry in the late afternoon. I only went to Ebeye one time and that was enough. Their living conditions and customs are different from ours.

All in all, my tour at Kwajalein was an interesting one, but I would not want to go again except for a very short visit. I only went for one year to start with, but each year if you prove worthy, Uncle Sam offered another twelve-month tour. I ended up doing 4 tours. It is a very economical place to live. There is not too much to spend your money on, unless you travel a lot from there to Australia, New Zealand, etc. The only place I traveled was to the good old USA and back. Civil servants get one expense paid round trip a year; they want you to get off the island at least that much. I was always ready for my R&R trip (rest & relaxation). Some of the years I went home twice. As I mentioned, there are not too many stores, etc. There's one grocery store, one department store, and not too many restaurants.

There are many people at Kwaj from different parts of the States who live there and work for contractors. Most all the civil servants who are there are from Huntsville, Alabama, where the Kwajalein Missile Command home office is, and also Redstone Arsenal. I shared a tiny apartment with a lady on Kwaj whom I had known back in Alabama who was from Hartselle, a small town not far from my hometown of Athens.

Most of all, I guess I enjoyed the ocean while I was there. I went swimming in the Pacific almost daily. I took advantage of the beaches. We also enjoyed reefing or shelling on the beaches. There are many different kinds of shells. We just picked them up along the beach with the "critters" still in them, took them back to our quarters and went through the process of cleaning the animals out of the shells. Sounds sort of sickening now, but it was fun and I enjoyed it.

Another thing we did real often was biking. A bike is just about the first thing you buy when you get to Kwaj unless you bring one with you. In fact, biking is the most popular mode of travel there. People who live there are not allowed to bring automobiles or trucks for their personal use. The Government has a few taxies, trucks, and buses, but mostly people use their bikes to go to work, church, shopping, or anyplace else on the island.

Each Friday is "dress-up" day at Kwaj. That day most of the ladies wear their long dresses, which is the most popular dress code with the native ladies. It is quite an accomplishment to dress up in your long dress, then get on your bike and ride wherever you are going that day. I haven't told you yet about the weather out there, but one thing is that it rains out of a clear blue sky without any warning. So an umbrella is definitely another "first" for island living. You soon learn to maneuver very well on your bike with a long dress on. All of a sudden here comes a downpour; then you get to use the umbrella while riding you bike and keeping your long skirt out of the chain

Another thing about the weather there, the wind never stops blowing. I cannot remember one day during the 4 1/2 years of my stay there when the wind was still. So the ladies need never worry about anything but a casual, wind-blown hairdo.

Living at Kwaj, even if you work 8 hours a day, you still have lots of spare time. If you're not a party goer or a golfer, you need something else to take up your off-hours. I did a lot of walking and running, swimming, etc., but I also had a couple of part-time jobs while living there. There was one family type restaurant on-island; it was run sort of like the typical officers' club. I worked as a cashier there on week-ends. On other evenings I worked at the local library which I enjoyed.

There were several families on the island who were very nice to people like me, who didn't have family there. One family in particular was the "Jessie James" family. They had one daughter, Kate, who was still at home with them. Jessie, Barbara, and Kate were the ones who kept me from getting homesick I think. They were members of the church and took an active part. We didn't have a church building as such. We met in a schoolroom each week, and our membership would go from very few to quite a few. The number fluctuated because people were coming to the island and others were departing as their tours ended.

The James family really took me in so to speak, and I shall always be grateful to them. Jessie was an avid water sportsman, and I have spent may hours with them on their sailboat. I have also done a little snorkeling just off-shore at the beach. I never got into deep-sea diving which is very popular there.

Once I went with the James family to explore an uninhabited island. It took us about two hours to get there in Jessie's sailboat. I guess you would call Jessie a good sailor. At least we never overturned, and sometimes the water got a little rough (at which time we headed for shore).

Well, that Saturday morning we took off in his boat, after sailing for an hour or so, we came to this small island that Jessie knew about. I think he had been there on some of his diving expeditions. As I remember, the tide was about to come in and the water was getting rough. Anyway, we made it to shore okay. There were about 6 or 7 of us in the group; at one point I was walking along the beach alone and I spied this big Japanese fishing float bobbing up and down along the shore, probably about 30 yards from where I was walking. I started running toward it as fast as I could, so no one would get to it before I did and claim it. That was a crazy thing to do because I was the only one near it at the time. Anyway, I got that treasure for my own and brought it back to the boat. I felt really proud of my souvenir, which I still have in my backyard, along with some of my shells that I gathered during those 4 years. A fishing float is a big glass ball covered with heavy rope netting - the Japanese use them for floats on their fishing

boats. It was quite an experience to find one of these because it had probably been lost from one of those huge commercial boats and there is no telling how many miles it had floated before becoming marooned on that island where we had gone exploring that day.

Finally, in March 1981, my tour at Kwaj was coming to an end. I had made several trips home during that 4 1/2 years and usually I spent a day or so in Hawaii, so I was really ready to get home now that the time had arrived. I had gained another son-in-law and two more grandchildren during the time I was in Kwaj. Even though I had seen the new additions to my family and the others as well, I wanted to get home as soon as possible in order to see them again.

Like almost everything else at Kwaj a "big thing" is made over your departure from the island. Once again I was presented with a beautiful lei of flowers. There were farewells from my Kwaj friends who had gathered out under the palm trees to give me an appropriate send-off, with gifts and refreshments and even about a 2 minute speech from the Commander.

I arrived back home in Athens and was so happy to back at home to stay. I went back to my same job at Redstone and would work there for another 12 years. I retired from Civil Service in May 1993. I enjoyed most of my experiences during those 29 years, one of which was a three-week TDY trip to Washington, DC to work in the Pentagon for a short time.

I am truly enjoying retirement. I have done some traveling since retiring. The longest trip was made the year before I retired. We went northwest through 14 or 15 states, and up to Canada. I enjoyed that very much and hope to go to Canada again. That was a 3-week trip by bus, and nearly too long to be gone.

The week that I retired, I left on a trip to Los Angeles, California to visit the James family whom I had known at Kwaj. I had also been to Los Angeles several times during the past few years, but never got to see any of the sights. Barbara showed me a lot of the sights while I was there visiting them. The James family now lives in Madison, Alabama, and luckily, I get to see them occasionally. They lived somewhere in Texas, probably Abilene, for several years before I knew them. They had met my cousin, Wally Bullington, while they lived out there.

Most of the trips I take now are just 2 or 3 day trips. When you get older you enjoy staying home more, especially if you're retired and on a fixed income. But short trips to Gatlinberg, Tennessee and Branson, Missouri are always enjoyable. In July we went to Blowing Rock, North Carolina, and last weekend to Nashville, TN.

I really think that my years at Kwajalein Island made me realize how wonderful it really is to see some of the rest of this big world and the different customs people have and how they live. You learn to appreciate this wonderful country that the Lord has blessed us with and to realize that there's **no place like home!** I would never want to live anywhere else.

P.S Thanks to my cousin Tom Bullington and his sweet wife Jean for getting us all organized for our first wonderful Bullington reunion in 1991 and also for putting this great Bullington Book together.

I would also like to honor Aunt Ruby Bullington who has passed away since our Bullington Reunion. She was the mother of J.C., Tom, Ruby Wray, Wilburn, and Wallace. She was one of my favorites. I have so many fond memories of her because I spent so many happy days in that home during my growing up years. Ruby Wray (who is now Wray) is just about my favorite cousin!

I also want to mention and honor Aunt Willie Clanton Bullington, who died at the age of 95 in 1994. Aunt Willie was uncle Wiley Bullington's wife, and John Bullington's mother. She was also my daddy, Jesse D. Clanton's sister, and another of my favorites.

Author's Note: I requested from Ruth that she relate her experiences on Kwajalein Island and I am so grateful that she has.

Tom Bullington, Sr.
August 24, 1995

Christians aren't perfect, just forgiven.

Blessed are they who have nothing to say
and who cannot be persuaded to say it.

Why is it that at class reunions you feel
younger than everyone else looks?

Left to Right:
Ruth Clanton Owens
Jesse D (J.D.) Clanton, Jr
(1995)

Left to Right:
Elvin Stoffregen
Katherine Clanton Stoffregen
(1995)

Left to Right:
Tom Bullington, Sr.
Ruby Hughes Bullington
Opryland Hotel
(1992).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY by JASON BROWN
(Grandson of Tom and Jean Bullington)

My life began on September 4, 1977, in Memorial Hospital, Jacksonville, Florida at 2:53 a.m. My mother, Betty, arrived at the hospital just 53 minutes before I entered the world. I was an active baby in the womb and after the delivery the doctor told my mom that my umbilical cord was tied in a knot. There was a possibility that if the knot was tight I probably wouldn't be writing this autobiography today, but all turned out well so I guess I'll continue.

I spent the first five years of my life in Jacksonville. My mother, father, sister, and I lived in a ranch house that my father built on Eagle Bend Island. Our house was on a lot that was heavily wooded and surrounded by acres of sawgrass. We had a black lab, an Irish setter, and two cats. The island abounded in wildlife. We had raccoons, alligators, quail, squirrels, snakes, many fire ants, but the most vicious blood-sucking creatures we had were YELLOW FLIES. They were about the size of a housefly but they could bite you through armor plate.

One early morning, my sister and I opened the door and in came our cat carrying a dead squirrel. My mother took it outside, we went out to play and rescued a baby squirrel from our other cat. We were able to nurse it back to health, feeding it condensed milk from an eye dropper. For the next month it lived with us making its home in a blanket on the back of our couch. When it began chewing up the electrical wires and furniture it was returned to the wild. Another experience I had with wildlife involved our black lab, Maggie. She frequently went swimming in the river surrounding the island to cool off. One afternoon our neighbor noticed her out in the river with a raccoon perched on top of her head. She was going down for the last time with just the tip of her nose above the water. He ran out into the marsh wielding a large club. He smacked the raccoon off her head and guided the dog back to shore. We were extremely thankful our neighbor was mowing his yard that day.

My father's favorite toy was a 1963 Porsche that he was trying to restore. My father and I were home alone one day so we decided to go for a spin around the island. The inside of the car was in total shambles. The door handles were laying on the floor and the upholstery was a mess. We were going around a curve and curiosity got the better of me. I picked up the door handle, put it on the door, pulled on it and before my father could stop I dove head first onto the pavement. I still have grit on my chin to prove it. Not wanting my mother to find out, my dad took me into the house and placed me on the couch with a pillow on top of my face. Of course, she found out, took care of me, and I was feeling better within a week.

In 1981, we left Jacksonville, FL and our home on Eagle Bend Island. My dad worked for the Federal Aviation Administration as an Air Traffic Controller. He and over 11,000 of his fellow workers went on strike and were fired by President Ronald Reagan. Since he couldn't buy a job, we sold our house, loaded up a U-Haul van, and moved to Connecticut to live with my grandparents. This was a little traumatic because the house was small and everyone, my mother, my grandmother, and my father's sister, were always on my case. Keep in mind I am still only five years old. We lived there for about one year and then we followed my father and his new job to the Indianapolis area and I have been here ever since.

I have grown up in Zionsville, Indiana on the northwest side of Indianapolis. This is where my life, as I remember it, really begins. From the start, athletics were a big part of my life. I can remember playing soccer when we were all about three feet tall. Wherever the ball was all 20 people on the field were, kicking, pushing, falling, and crying. I have played soccer for the past 12 years and have enjoyed every bit of it. One game that I'll never forget was against Noblesville, IN. They had a reputation for being dirty players and poor sports. During that game after performing my second slide tackle on the same guy, he retaliated by giving me a powerful kick in the face before I could stand up. Someone in the crowd called the local rescue team because I had been knocked unconscious. Little did we know that there had been a car accident not far from the soccer game and the whole Noblesville Fire Department was in route to the accident. However, that call was canceled so they responded to the call from the soccer field. When they arrived I had been carried off the field and was awake. When we saw the television news truck, the fire engine, ambulance, and rescue team pulling onto the soccer field everyone was wondering what catastrophe had happened. I have never been so embarrassed when they all walked over to me and all I had was a swollen nose with a little blood on my shirt. Now my swollen nose might not have been a big deal to them but it was to me because the next night was the big homecoming dance. Another game I will never forget is the second game I got knocked out. In regional finals during my sophomore year I went up to head the ball at the same time the defender did. Instead of meeting a soft soccer ball, our heads collided together like two billiard balls. Both of us went down for the count. I eventually returned for the remainder of the game but wasn't quite up to par. After every season a team picture was taken. It is fun to look back at all the pictures now and see how my friends and I have developed from first graders to freshman in college.

My high school years were filled with great joy along with tragedy. Let me relate to you the tragedy behind "House #38". "My son was one hour late, and I usually don't worry about him because he always calls, but this time the phone never rang!" I am going to have a hard time telling this story because that night was the saddest of my whole life. "When I heard the policeman say the address of the house was 38, I totally broke down in tears, and right then I knew it had to be my 16 year old son David." These two very important quotes were said by Mr. Maleiatessi the day after the horrible accident.

The day after the accident we met for our daily soccer practice, but instead of practice we all decided on going over to the Maleiatessi house. It was David's father who requested us to come over. Before we even left the soccer park we knew that this would be a very emotional moment so we had to prepare ourselves as best we could. As the team was walking into the yard, Mr. Maleiatessi came out the door. As he approached us he broke into tears because David's favorite sport was soccer and seeing us in our uniforms brought back his heartache. The first thing he did was go around and touch every single player just because he really cared for us and didn't want a thing like this to happen again. Then came his unforgettable speech.

Half the team was already crying. Mr. Maleiatessi went through exactly what happened. This is what he said, "As the policeman pulled up to the corner he started chatting with one of my neighbors. I happened to be listening from a distance because

David was late by about two hours. All of a sudden I hear the numbers 38!" At this point my whole soccer team, including myself, was crying. As he said this to our team he pointed up to the side of his house and on one of the bricks it read 38. He continues, "I ran out to the policeman and was screaming things like: This can't be true! He was only 16 years old. He worked so hard in life! No, it cannot be my beloved David!" What he told us next really hit home with me.

While at the hospital the news finally got to Mr. Maleiatessi that David would have to have his legs amputated if he wanted to survive. About this time David's father was totally heartbroken. He finally realized that David would never get to play soccer again. He should have been playing varsity soccer with us at the time.

Before we even left for the house, the team decided to do something for the family. We got together and signed our names and numbers on a soccer ball for the Maleiatessis just so they would remember us. After the ball was handed to him, he almost fell to the ground with tears streaming out of his eyes. As we prepared to leave their house Mr. and Mrs. Maleiatessi came around and gave everyone a big hug and said they loved us. Then David's dad said, "Don't any of you guys drive fast because it isn't fun to go through this kind of pain, and please remember what I have told you guys today!" Then he went inside and brought out a picture of David when he was playing in the mud at one year old. We all hugged him and said our good-byes. On the way back to the soccer field, we were all thinking back on what Mr. Maleiatessi had said to us. I will never forget his speech for as long as I live. In memory of David before every soccer game we had a prayer and we would wear a black armband. Our cheer before every game was "Never Forget".

This past summer my best friend, Brad Stevens, invited me to go with his youth group on their mission trip. We gathered at the Zionsville Methodist Church and boarded "God's Nightcrawler", a silver bus that had been converted for overnight travel. We left at 6:30 p.m. on a Friday night and arrived in San Marcos, Texas, Sunday morning at 6:00 a.m. The purpose of the trip was to rebuild houses for the underprivileged. My reason for going was to answer some questions I had about my own spirituality. We were joined by youth groups from all over Texas. Each day we worked on a house from sun up until sun down. It was HOT! At night we had devotions and met new people. A few members of our youth group were asked to lead a devotion. Brad Stevens, Brad Todd, and I volunteered to do the first one. We did not know that we were also going to be asked to sing in front of over 200 people. Brad Stevens and I had never sung before this time so we were a little bit nervous. We must have done a good job because we were asked to sing four more times in front of the congregation back home in Indiana. When it was time to return, I realized that this had been one of the best weeks of my life. The questions that I had were answered and it really made me realize that I want God in my life.

My family is also a very important part of my life. My grandparents on my mother's side are from Tennessee. They live about 95 miles south of Nashville just off I-65 in a small town called Fayetteville. Some of my fondest memories come from visiting them. When we visit for Christmas the whole family comes. The house is filled with relatives from Alabama, Florida, and Georgia. The ten foot mantle over their fireplace has

stockings hanging from one end to the other. DeeDee, my grandmother, cooks southern delicacies you wouldn't believe, fresh ham, fried catfish, rattlesnake, and frog legs.

For years, Pop, my grandfather, has been wanting to take me "frog gigging". This past summer my girlfriend and I decided to go down and try it. We arrived in Tennessee on a Friday night and "Pop" told us that he had a frog gigging expedition set up for Saturday night. Departure time would be 9:00 p.m. We put on our grubby old clothes, our boots, took our flashlights, and grabbed our frog gig and left for the ponds. As we neared the pond we listened for the tell tale "croak". We followed the sound and spotted the victim with our flashlights. The skill is in jabbing the frog with the gig before he jumps away. We only got four on our first outing but it was quite an experience and we didn't get home until the wee hours of the morning.

I got to experience another kind of hunting while in Tennessee. It was like a city boy visiting his country cousins. I went SNIPE hunting. My cousin John asked my girlfriend and me if we had ever been. We said, "No what's a snipe." He told us to look it up in the dictionary. Well, it's a little bird. I've been dove hunting before so I didn't think there was anything odd about snipe hunting. It did seem a bit strange that we were going to catch them in bags instead of using a gun and that it was done at night. John took us out into the country where he told us to stand in a creek and hold our bags open while they went up the hill to chase the snipes down where we were standing. My girlfriend and I stood in a creek for 30 minutes waiting on those little birds to come running down. We didn't get one! The next day my uncle, Tommy, asked what we did last night. We told him that we went snipe hunting. For the next five minutes he couldn't stop laughing. It was then that we realized we had been had. I guess you are never too old to learn something new.

My life so far has been filled with many pleasurable memories. Now I am embarking on a new phase in my life where I have to become more independent and make more decisions on my own. I also have to learn how to do laundry!!

Comments by Pop (Grandfather Tom):

Jason's girlfriend, Megan, accompanied him on this recent visit to his grandparents in Tennessee. We truly enjoyed her along with Jason. My wife and I arranged for a bass fishing trip on Woods Lake (Elk River). They fished with a reputable guide while Jean and I motored along behind in our boat. Jason and Megan landed 16 bass while Jean and I struck out. Now do you think that they should have reminded us more than once of their success and our lack of success. I'm sure that they will never mention this again.

Tom Bullington
October 1, 1995

News from the Joe/Della Branch of the Bullington Family
Summer 1991 - Summer 1995

Ethel Bullington Bates (Deceased)

Lake Bates died in April 1994.

Edsel has bought the home place and is doing some renovation work.

James and Tula Craig have moved to a new home on Pepper Road east of Athens. Their new address is: 23360 Pepper Road, Athens, Alabama 35611.

Oneal Bates has a new great-grandchild. No details available.

Ethelene Bates Haraway has a new address: Church Street, P.O. Box 149, Rogersville, Alabama 35652.

Evart Bullington (Deceased)

Elizabeth and Howard Carter's granddaughter, Tim's daughter, Robin Dianne married Jonas Bryant Clem. They reside at 306 Hoffman St., Athens, Alabama 35611. Tel: 205-233-4873.

MaeDell Davis and John Davis divorced in July 1995. Divorce pending 3/20/96 (LBN) granted 6/96

Granddaughter (Shawna Renae) Callie Katelyn 5/ /96

Henderson Bullington (Deceased)

Freed Bullington and Martha have a new address; 22086 Missy-Leigh Lane, Athens, Alabama 35611.

Freed and Martha have three new grandchildren; Maggie Ree born to Alan Bullington and Kathy; William Stanley and Suzanne Elise born to Stan Bullington and Leanne.

Barnard Bullington and Juanita have a new granddaughter, Sarah Jean, born to Joseph Vann Bullington and Liz.

Carolyn Bullington McClard has two new grandchildren born to Elizabeth Ann Muse Mostellar; Wayne Bishop Mostellar, Jr. born September 1991; and Murphy Muse Mostellar, born January 1995.

Lila Bullington Brackeen (Deceased)

Lila died in 1992.

Betty Dennis has a new granddaughter, Alexandra Dennis, born in April 1994.

Alma Bullington Richter (Deceased)

Carl Richter has a new address: 22051 Piney Chapel Road, Athens, Alabama 35611.

Freddie Richter has a new granddaughter, Autumn Dawn born to Tony and Robin Richter in 1994.

Freddie's son Tim Richter married Lorrie Matthews, July 7, 1995. They currently reside on Mooresville Road, Athens, Alabama 35611.

Cassie Bullington Patterson (Deceased)

No news to report.

Doris Bullington Thomas

Doris and Philip Thomas have moved from the Athens area to the Hoover suburb of Birmingham to be closer to their children. Their new address is: 2221 Lynn Gate Dr., Birmingham, Alabama 35216. Tel: 205-979-3663.

Joe Price Thomas has a new grandson, Miles Alexander born May 1995 to Frank Thomas.

Joe Price and Clara's son Bill married Tonya Elam in 1994, Bill and Tonya Thomas reside at: 28806 Sky Glade Place, Wesley Chapel, Florida 33543.

Freed Bullington
July 1, 1995
106 Missy-Leigh Lane
Athens, Alabama 35611

Late News from Cassie Bullington Family

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Goodwill Weetman
of 27 Sabiote Way, Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas 71909
announced the marriage of their daughter
Barbara Ann
to
Gilbert Elliott Johnson
of Altadena, California
Gilbert Elliott Johnson is the grandson of Cassie and Buddy Johnson
and the son of David and Judy Johnson
Their home address is 2495 North, Santa Rosa Avenue, Altadena, California 91001.

JOE AND DELLA
&
LAKE AND ETHEL

(by Tula Merle Craig)
November 25, 1995

I do not remember Granddad Joe since he died when I was only 3 years old, but my fondest memories of Granny Della relate to her endless hours of knitting beautiful doilies and yards of lace for curtains and pillow cases. I have a full knitted bedspread with hand tied fringe she made and gave to Mother. Mother crocheted a bedspread for each of my sisters, Evelyn and Ethelene, but never made a third one and wanted me to have the knitted one Granny made for her. She gave it to me before she died. I remember Granny listening to the radio as she knitted. Some of the programs were Queen for a Day and Stella Dallas. She often nodded and mother would try to get her to lie down for a nap, but she never did. She said it would wake her up to get up and go to bed. I can remember seeing her remove her knitting needles and unravel rows of stitches when she realized she had made a mistake or dropped a stitch several rows down. It was no problem for her. She could pick up a whole row of stitches and continue immediately. Her work was always perfect! She taught me to knit when I was young, but sorry to say I did not continue it into my later years. I do still have several doilies she gave me and some I made under her guidance. We bought Pepsi Colas by the case of 24 when Granny came to stay an extended time with us. She would take a break morning and evening to get a Pepsi. (What a good commercial that would have made!) Mother had arthritis and she would sit and roll her bare feet on coke bottles for therapy as she crocheted. Countless numbers of young mothers were given crocheted booties which she made for their newborns. I still have the ones she made for my daughter.

Mother was known for her delicious meals. She loved to whistle hymns as she worked in the kitchen. I remember helping her cook 6 0r 8 pies at once many times. She had no recipes, but made delicious "egg custards". Another specialty of hers was jelly rolls. She baked a very thin cake in a very large black pan which she "banged" upside down on a cloth on the table when done. After adding her homemade jelly she would roll it up, then roll the completed jelly roll in the cloth. She always put it under the edge of the pillows on the nearby bed until it cooled. We daughters have discussed why she put it there. I always thought it kept it round having it on the soft bed instead of a hard flat surface. Ethelene thinks it was to keep it from unrolling. We never did ask, but for a large family and lots of company, made her an ideal lunchroom supervisor at Pleasant Grove School for many years until Daddy retired from teaching there. Mother never drove a car but became only a passenger after her first child was old enough to drive she always said. So when daddy retired from teaching, she retired also. Her brother, Uncle Evart was her boss part of the time when he was principal there.

It would be interesting to know how many were school teachers. In Granddad Joe's immediately family there were Uncle Evart, Uncle Henderson, (whose wives Aunt Ela and Aunt Olna were also teachers), Aunt Alma Richter, Aunt Cassie, Mother did some substitute teaching and Daddy taught in the public school system for over 40 years. He was my fifth grade teacher.

Since "Cross the River," was published, Daddy passed away April 21, 1994 (13 years after Mother's death) at the age of 97 years. Mother was 82 years old when she died and they had been married for over 63 years. They are buried in the Higgins Cemetery in rural Limestone County near the community where they spent so many years together. They have 4 baby sons also buried there.

The old home place in the Pleasant Valley community (the only place I lived until I married) has been sold at auction and purchased by my brothers O'Neal and Edsel. Edsel bought the house and most of the farm land. Major renovations are being made to the house (but none to change its looks drastically). Central heating and air along with another bath have been added. The side porches have been made open as they were years ago. Ponds have been dug, fences built, cows added and lots of timber sold. Edsel has since bought the old Oxford school property which contains the old Oxford school bell and teacher's home. It seems fitting for this to remain in the Bates family as it is all located on the Lake Bates Road which of course was named for Daddy.

I am married to James T. Craig, Jr. who grew u in the Shanghai community (before you "cross the river"). We resided in the old Oxford teacher's home which we purchased from Daddy and Mother after we married until 1966 when we moved to Athens. We have one daughter Dianne, who is married To Kenneth Russell. She met him at Florida College. He grew up in the Atlanta, Georgia area. They now live in Grayson, Georgia with their 2 sons, Blake age 10 and Ben age 6 years. After living on French Way, Athens for over 29 years, in May 1995 James and I purchased a house and small acreage on Pepper Road. It is about 4 miles from downtown Athens. This property brings back many memories from my days across the river. We can hear cows mooing, roosters crowing and shots in the woods from squirrel hunters. We can watch hay baling out our kitchen windows. Even our big yard and fence rows remind me of the old home place as I reminisce of days gone by with my parents and grandparents "cross the river". What a wonderful heritage!

Tula Merle Craig

NOTE: After reasonable persuasion I was successful in getting Tula Merle to contribute her story. I have played many times at the Old Oxford School and I have spent quite a few days and several nights at the old home place on Lake Bates Road. Both Cousin Ethel and her reputable husband Lake provided games to play and plenty of things to keep you occupied - even the big round swimming hole as I knew it being called, The Sink Hole. It was a special treat to visit there.

Tom Bullington (Nov. 25, 1995)

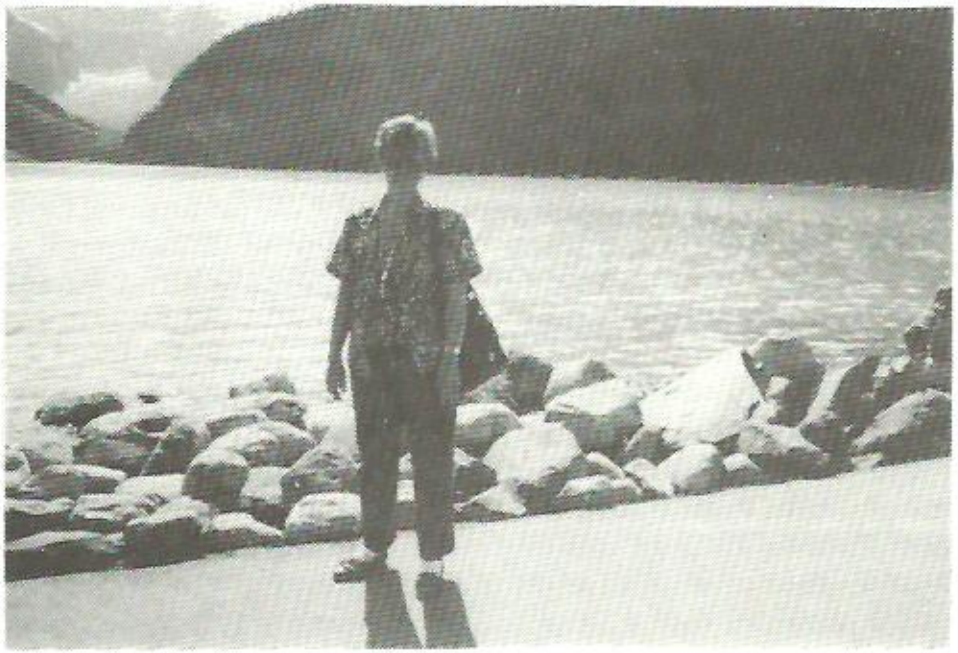
UPDATE ON BLANCHE AND JESSE CLANTON FAMILY

(by Tom Bullington)

Aline and Lifford Smith and family are doing well in Athens. I see them on occasions and they appear to be healthy and in a big way.

J.D. Clanton visited me just a few days ago. He brought copies of speeches that he had made at State Education Meetings, Veteran's Day, and other special events. As usual they were masterpieces. I enjoyed each one. As you know J.D. has Parkinson's Disease. He handles it very admirably and is quite active. His wife, Gail, is a great help to him in many ways. J.D. is still engaged in instructional teaching at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama.

The other two children of Blanche and Jesse are well and happy and enjoying their retirement life. Quite frequently Katherine and I talk by telephone and I look forward to the phone visits. She is and always has been a family member that is supportive in many ways and has indeed been a great asset to me in my attempt to write family history and events. Ruth has also called me on occasions and she and my sister, Ruby Wray often talk by phone. They are very close cousins. Both Katherine and Ruth have chapters in Book II as I prevailed for them to write their stories.



Ruth Clanton Owens
Western Canada 1993.

Louis Bullington Family and Ann Bullington Stuckey Family

Events and Happenings Since First Bullington Reunion - Sept. 1991

1992

Ann and Julian (Stuckey) sold their house in Gulf Breeze, Florida, moved into temporary quarters, and started construction of a new home on their lot which is located on the south shore of Pensacola Bay seven miles east of Gulf Breeze.

Mike Reedy (Evelyn's second husband) entered the Baldwin County Hospital late October for gall bladder surgery. The operation went well, but shortly after returning home, he suffered kidney failure and had to return to the hospital where he died on November 28. Mike was born, raised and lived his entire life in Bay Minette, except for his army service during WW II. Most of the town turned out for his funeral.

1993

Ann and Julian moved into their new home, and as usual following new construction, they have enough finishing and landscaping chores to keep them busy for several years.

Their son, Douglas, and his wife, Melissa, had a healthy baby daughter born on May 17. She is named Emily. They were thrilled and all continue to do well.

Ann and Julian's middle son, Mark, and his family, Charlene, Sarah, Nathan and Matthew, moved from Gulf Breeze to Cocoa, Florida, following a good job offer by EG&G, a consulting/contracting firm working for NASA at the Kennedy Space Center.

Charlie Ruth and I bought a boat for cruising on Puget Sound and the Straits of Georgia in British Columbia. Cruising and sight seeing was really enjoyable. Installing radio, radar and GPS was a lot of fun also. We visited many of the small seaports north and south of Everett, Washington, where we had covered moorage.

1994

Stuart's employer, INCA Consultants, ran out of work as a consequence of a recession in the Seattle area (caused by the Boeing cutbacks) and he was laid off along with many of his co-workers. He was fortunate in finding another job right away with Raytheon Constructors and Engineers, Inc. just a few blocks from his former INCA office in Bellevue, WA. In August, he moved his residence from Seattle to Bellevue and now lives within walking distance from work.

1995

We sold our boat since Charlie Ruth and I had seen Puget Sound; Charlie didn't want to take long boat trips (such as to Alaska); and the cost of moorage, insurance and licensing was going up. Soon thereafter, I was invited to take a three week trip by boat from Everett to Juneau, Alaska. The boat owner, his cousin and I traveled up the east coast of Vancouver Island, through Johnstone Straits, and up the west coast of British Columbia to Prince Rupert. We then followed the Inside Passage of Alaska to Ketchikan, Wrangel, Petersburg, and on to Juneau. Along the way, we tied up at a city dock or marina at night, or, about half the time, we anchored out in some wilderness cove. We also caught several halibut weighing from 20 up to 85 pounds. The boat owner had a vacuum packer and freezer, so I was able to bring a cold box full of halibut on my flight back from Juneau. Our timing was bad for salmon because the Kings had already run and the Coho hadn't started yet. We caught several small Kings, but had to throw them back because they were under 28" which was the minimum size to keep. The scenery was beautiful the entire trip, especially in Alaska where high mountains dropped steeply into the water. The mountain tops were still covered with snow and glaciers filled many of the valleys. We also saw Orca and Humpback whales and dozens of eagles. It was truly a memorable trip.

Mark, Charlene and family narrowly escaped the wrath of hurricane Erin as it passed across the Florida peninsula. They lost a tree, but no other significant damage. After Erin regained strength over the Gulf, it made a direct hit on Pensacola. The eye went over Ann and Julian's house. Fortunately, they and Doug and Melissa suffered little damage to their houses (a few shingles). Ann and Julian lost most of their pines, many of which fell across their fence. Their drive was blocked for several days, and they were without power for almost four days. The last hurricane to hit Pensacola was in 1926.

Louis Bullington
1995

Note from Tom Bullington: My daughter, Betty Bullington Brown, of Zionsville, Indiana, called Ann Bullington Stuckey a few days following the early October 1995 hurricane, Opal, which caused terrible damage to the Florida panhandle and coastline. Ann reported that they missed the surge of the hurricane as it tracked about ten miles east of their Gulf Breeze home and eastward to Panama City. Last week-end Jean and I toured part of the Florida panhandle coast and witnessed the storm's damage which amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars. We are so pleased that Ann's home was spared.

Letter from Betty Brackeen Dennis
(Daughter of Lilla Bullington Brackeen and Louis O. Brackeen)
(Granddaughter of Joe and Della Bullington)
1503 Summerlane, Decatur, Alabama 35607

July 1995

Betty is considering publishing a revised edition of "All In The Family". The first edition was a remarkable research genealogical publication performed by Betty's mother, Lilla. A considerable part of "All In The Family" constituted the genealogy of the West Limestone County Bullington Family that traced back to the Jamestown Colony of Virginia in the early 1600's. From her latest communication she wasn't certain that she would go through with the task.

Betty is married to William Lee (Bill) Dennis formerly of Auburn, Alabama. Bill's father Dr. Dennis was Auburn University's physician for a number of years. He successfully treated me during the Christmas holiday season in 1947, when I contracted undulant fever - and it didn't cost me one cent as he said that I was his guinea pig. At that time there was no accepted specific treatment for this brucella infection. He called Henry Grady Hospital in Atlanta and came up with a ten day "round-the clock" treatment with sulfadiazine and streptomycin where I was a patient in the University Infirmary - still no cost to me and I had no health insurance and Medicare and Medicaid were unheard of. You just can't beat that!

Betty and Bill have three children whose names are William Lee, Jr., Richard Jefferson, and Anna E.

They have another granddaughter, Faith Elizabeth born 7/21/95. This is their sixth grandchild and the parents are Richard and Elizabeth Dennis.

Tom Bulllington
September 1, 1995

There are times when silence has the loudest voice.

When God measures a person, He puts the tape around his heart, not his head.

LOOKING BACK AND RECENT MISSIONS

(by Inez Bullington Norwood)
(daughter of Evart and Ela Bullington)

On such short notice - some two weeks - I have been asked to contribute to Book II by Tom. It is an honor but it will be hard for me to keep my thoughts to only 2 - 3 pages! This past year has been such a busy one for me and Tom asked that I relate some of my mission experiences. (Informed him that is like "sicking the dog on a cat").

First, I want to express my joy with "Cross the River"! I still am reading on it and delighted with every facet of the book! I just know the supplement also will be delightful. It is hard for me to get back to Alabama as often as I'd like so the yearning is somewhat alleviated with this book.

As I scanned through the first book, my eyes fell upon the letter written by our father in Feb. 1944 to Martin H. Bullington (p293). My mind had many recollections of Dad and his love and respect for our service men. This called to mind some of the things that he had written in his brief autobiography. (This writing was done after our mother's death - during the three years interim prior to his death - 1968-1971).

When our Dad was 18 (Aug. 1, 1918) he was registered for military service and was awaiting his call to duty. He was eager to go because so many of his fellow classmates and friends were in battle. Armistice came and Dad never had to enter active duty. He always seemed to feel that he was a shirker and through the years he has told us of his great disappointment. This he also reflects by serving actively with the Alabama National Guard and in his writings.

It seems that Dad spent much of his life in trying to compensate this lack of military service by reaching out to our servicemen - especially during World War II. In his writings he tells of the many young men who had to interrupt their high school education's because of WWII and/or the Korean War. He indicates his determination that upon their return they would be allowed, even urged, to finish their high school work.

In 1946 he had been able to get East Limestone accredited in the State of Alabama. The first High School diploma he handed out from that school was for one Eugene Abernathy. This young man was still in uniform, and Dad asked his father to step to the stage and receive the diploma. Mr. Bill Abernathy was at that time one of the bus drivers for the school and with pride (both the giver and the receiver) he accepted the first state diploma from East Limestone High School.

Many other reports in his writings tell of night classes he held after going back into the Clements High School community and of the graduation of many of those young men that he had taught and coached in earlier years. During his last tenure at Clements High

School our country was engaged in the Korean war. Dad tells of the 1952-53 school annual being dedicated to four of the young men of the school who had been called to "The Colors." He records the following from the school annual:

> "Called to their colors, in their Senior year,
> Of their courage and valor, we soon will hear.
> Not for shame is this bowed head of mine,
> I know our boys will hold that line.
> But for fervent prayer to God above -
> "Keep safe those boys whom we love,
> Lead them gently, or cover their retreat,
> That they again, we soon may meet.'"

More from him along this same line: "In that same group of boys were about twenty of our own young men who had finished at Clements, or of that same era. So many times we came together in the school auditorium to make a wire tape of greetings from parents, brothers, sisters, sweethearts and warm friends. This was concluded with as sincere prayer as I was able to utter unto God for their safety and soon return. I truly believe God heard our prayers and petitions. Of the group that went out on that mission from our area, only one, Jack Allen, was wounded seriously . . . . . All others returned without serious harm. God blessed all of us above measure in the return of these fine men to us in time to finish school and take their places in their community. For this the whole area was truly thankful."

Those were such busy years and ones of severe sacrifices. I remember asking Dad one time why he did not just leave the class room and preach full time? His reply was, "Daughter, I can touch many more young lives as a teacher and basketball coach than ever from the pulpit." Truly he was a dedicated man to his task and he did it well.

Dad's writings are so personal and touching that it took me over 19 years just to read through them. Then in December of 1991 I copied all of them for each member of our family. In them he names so many people who have meant so much to all of us through the years, not only members of the Bullington clan but members of each of the communities where he and mother worked and served. His poems to our mother are special and we all know now that his was his therapy following her death.. Perhaps someday we can publish them for others to read and sense their genuine love for each other and the deep reverence he held for the marriage relationship!

Now to activities of this past year that have blessed my life. The fact that my entire life after marriage was spent in mission work, I do not think I could have survived had it not been for the fact that I have been allowed to have a part in a number of evangelistic campaigns over the past 6 years. In 1990 I was able to go to East Kilbride Scotland with a group from a church in Tampa, Florida. Bro. Jack Strachan (a native of northern Scotland) was our director. We spent then days working through some of the apartment

complexes of that city and in the shopping center, distributing tracts and meeting invitations.

Since the campaign in 1991, Jack Strachann has returned to work full-time with the church in East Kilbride. This past summer I joined a group from the Twickenham church in Huntsville, Alabama for a two-week visit to Scotland. Much of the time would be spent working with the East Kilbride church and I really wanted to make this trip. In the group was our youngest sister, Maedell Davis, who works and worships with the Huntsville church. She and I would be rooming together with one of the church families. We had a wonderful time together and to relate our experiences would fill more than my allotted space!

It is indeed a small world! The co-minister with the East Kilbride church is married to a Limestone County girl. The Pitts family goes far back into our memory as members of the Lester, Alabama community! I won't go into all the details, but Maedell was more than "surprised." Our host family was delightful. Eve and Adrian Smyth, and son, Christopher did so much to make us feel wanted. Eve is a native of California, a graduate of Harding University. She had met Adrian while on a campaign from the states several years back. She is physically blind but her spiritual strength radiates light! Eve and Adrian lost their only son at the age of five and because of his blindness, they requested to adopt a visually impaired child. Christopher has been with them since infancy. He is a brilliant child and very much the center of that home.

We worked very hard for most of our time while in Scotland, but did take time to travel up through the highlands to Peterhead on the North Sea. This is where Jack Strachan grew up and spent most of his young years as a deep sea diver. He took us out to the sea and entertained us with some of his "narrow escape" experiences. It so happened that while we were at Peterhead, there was an annual celebration and they were featuring the "Red Arrows", the air show which performs for the Queen of England and other royalty! We then made the trip down the east coast via St. Andrews. (If you see our picture on the golf course, that was really just in fun and as I told Maedell, the height of hypocrisy!)

Another trip this past year was with a group to the island of St. Martin. A beautiful spot in the Caribbean. There were some 20 of us from the state of KY on this trip and we worked very hard in talking and working with people on this island. We were very anxious about the people we met when we learned of the devastation from the hurricane this past summer. News was very slow getting back from them but we rejoice that none of the people were killed. They did suffer much financial loss.

Thank you for this space and I look forward to reading from others. I want to include a couple of things written to my family in recent months, one on the birth of a great grandchild and the other on Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING 1993

T is for Trees and golden leaves

H is for Happiness - and hope

A is for Achievement - and Ability,
mine and yours!

N is for Night's beauty -
of moon and stars.

K is for Keepsakes and their memories.

S is for Salvation
for Service and Silent thoughts.

G is for Grandchildren - big and small.

I is for Independence - to think and do.

V is for the Vastness of it all!

I is for Instruction from God to man.

N is for His Nurturing through all our years.

G is for Giving of self in Gratitude.

Inez B. Norwood

WELCOME LITTLE ONE

Come into our world,
our little one.
Your other home was, oh,
so warm and secure
We do hope you won't mind
so bad here!

Your new world may seem
ever so big,
And sometimes cruel.
Let our arms of strength
sustain you -
Till you can stand alone.

"Tis a BIG family
God has given us
And each one extra special.
So come on in - join the fun -
Come into our world,
our little one!

by Grandmother Norwood
August 29, 1994

For Andrea Norwood
1st grandchild of our eldest, David Norwood

Author's Note: Thank you Inez Bullington Norwood for responding to my request for writing your story. Evart Bullington was one of the great teachers and principals in Limestone County Alabama history. If Limestone County had a Teachers Hall of Fame then Evart and Ela would be members. They were a team in teaching and a dedicated team in family life - and a very successful and respected team.

Tom Bullington
December 4, 1995

News from Irvin Bullington Family

Patricia (Pat) Lee Haney is the daughter of Odell Bullington and the step daughter of Irvin Bullington. Pat graduated from Athens High School in Athens, Alabama and then received a nursing diploma from Baptist Hospital School of Nursing in Nashville, Tennessee. She is employed by the U.S. Army Health Services Command at Redstone Arsenal as an occupational health nurse.

Pat married Randall Lee Haney August 6, 1967. Randall graduated from Minor Hill High School in Minor Hill, Tennessee. He is employed by the Monsanto Chemical Company in Decatur, Alabama, as a laboratory technician.

Pat and Randall live in Athens, Alabama and have two children, Timothy (Tim) Holland Haney and Karla Leigh Haney.

Tim, born April 28, 1970, graduated from Athens High School. He received a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering from the University of Alabama in Huntsville, Alabama. He is employed by the U.S. Army Missile Command at Redstone Arsenal, Alabama.

Tim married Mary Elizabeth (Beth) Williams August 5, 1995 and they live in Athens, Alabama. Beth is a graduate of East Limestone High School. She is employed as a teller at Redstone Federal Credit Union in Decatur, Alabama.

Karla, born September 27, 1973, is currently attending Martin Methodist College in Pulaski, Tennessee on volleyball and softball scholarships. She will receive a bachelor's degree in business in December 1995. Her plans are to attend graduate school.

Anne Lewis Robison Wyand, step daughter of Irvin (adopted) married Gerald Douglas Robison on 09/10/60 and divorced on 12/20/88.

Their children are Richard Douglas Robison born 10/06/61, B.S. in electrical engineering (1985) from Georgia Tech, and is Director of Development for Infographics in Atlanta, Georgia. He married Andrea Doneff 06/02/89. Andrea has a B.A. and M.A. degree from Emory University (1984) and a law degree from Emory University in 1987. She is Senior vice-president of Resolution Resources, Inc. in Atlanta, Georgia.

Their son John Michael Robison (11/26/63) married Kristine Marie-Elizabeth Downing on 06/19/88. He has a B.S. degree from Georgia Tech (12/95) and is President and Owner of Lanier Parking, Inc. in Atlanta, Georgia. His wife Kristine was born 08/31/66 and holds a B.S. degree (12/95) from Georgia State University.

Their son, James Brennan Robison (07/01/67) received a B.A. degree from Georgia State University (1992) in Journalism. He is a Writer/Producer, Week-end Anchor for CNN Headline News in Atlanta, Georgia.

Anne Lewis Robison Wyand married Robert Rice Wyand II on 03/09/89. Robert died on 10/09/91.

Irvin Bullington died in October of 1995. He was 87 years of age. His home during his lifetime was Athens, Alabama.

I.N. (Mike) Bullington's Letter
(Known by family as Iris Bullington)
(Son of Mack and Ida Bullington)
July 4, 1995

Dear Bullingtons and Bullington's Near Kin,

There have been several happenings since our last meeting, some which I would classify as events of joy and happiness and pleasure, while other happenings will have to go into an entirely different classification.

I will relate the not so pleasant first. Last year, in July 1994, I was in the hospital during all of July and on into the month of August. About the 5th of August, I went home to recuperate and hopefully to get back to normal or at least recover to what a normal person should be. Now, almost a full year has gone by and it is looking doubtful that things will ever be what they were 60 to 75 years ago. Of course I am sure that old age is creeping in and I have heard old folks say that age does not really slow the human body down; perhaps in a few more years I can be a bit more certain. Truthfully, I am very thankful to be living and to be able to do a few things that my wife, Betty, calls on me to do. Factually , those calls are very numerous and I might add quite demanding at times.

Perhaps I should mention the problem that caused my hospitalization which was cancer of the upper colon. Also there was quite a concern about my heart for several days. The chance of survival looked shaky for several days and some thought that I would not come out alive.

I do want to say that the love of my wife was proven vividly. In reflecting back on the ordeal, I can hardly see how she held up so long. I must also say that her sister from California was in Chattanooga for the full month helping to do things for me. All would have been much worse without her help. And by all means I must include our sons, Jim and Michael, and their wives. The same statement applies about their help. They both helped immensely by staying at night while my wife could get some rest and sleep, even though she didn't get as much as she needed. Of course Irvin and Odell were unable to be with me at the hospital but I know that their prayers and thoughts were with me constantly. And yes, the prayers of hundreds of people were there also. I'm convinced my life was saved through prayer and help from above. So enough said about the hospital stay, etc.

Now for some of the more pleasant happenings. Jim and family are now living in Norfolk, VA. Jim left his job in Dallas and is now working with Old Dominion University in Norfolk as a Director for Global Business. We visited with them last April for several days in their new two story house which is very nice. Kim is their oldest daughter and Kevin, their son, and both of them live with Jim and wife. Kim attends Old Dominion University where she hopes to graduate in 1996. Jim is also hopeful that she graduates. He has said it looks as if she is making a career of going to school. The younger daughter, Eva, will be graduating from North Texas University in August of 1995. This University is in Denton, Texas.

Michael is working in Raleigh, N.C. for a Road and Bridge Construction Company whose name is NELLO L. TEER CO. He has quite a responsible job with them as the Company Construction Engineer. The job will last nearly two years, he thinks. He has a home in Braselton, Georgia where his wife still lives with her family. Mike's son, Eric, is also in Raleigh working with his Dad.

Eric formerly lived in Lynchburg, VA. There he met his girl who turned out to be his wife in October 1994. Eric wanted to be near his Dad so he got a job with the same company and moved near Raleigh where he bought a home. His wife also has a nice job nearby.

Betty and I flew up to Raleigh for several days visit back in March 1994. I almost forgot about going to Eric's wedding which was quite a "SWANKY" affair. I surely would have been unable to bear such an expense. But we sure enjoyed being there to see how the other half got things done.

I just want to say before ending, we sure hated to have missed the last Bullington meeting but I felt it might be too taxing on my strength from the hospital stay. We do hope to be present next time, Lord willing. I most certainly would like to be with the ones that are left. There are perhaps some like myself who have gotten so old and ugly that I may not recognize who they are. But there is no alternative. If we stay around long enough then certainly age is going to be with us, like it or not!

I had better stop now as I think you said only one typewritten page, so excuse me for running over. I am on the order of thinking that what we do and are doing is really not very interesting to many of the kin. My "forgetter" is working real well when it comes to thinking of what has happened or what might be of interest.

Closing with love and regards to all,

I.N. (Mike) Bullington
507 Hillcrest Ave.
Chattanooga, Tennessee 37411

Tom, this extra poem fits me very well and what it says is said more interestingly than I could have said it.

Drinking From the Saucer

I've never made a fortune, and I'll never make one now.
But it doesn't really matter, 'cause I'm happy anyhow.
As I go along my journey I'm reaping better than I've sowed.
I'm drinking from the saucer, 'cause my cup has overflowed.

I don't have a lot of riches and sometimes the going's tough.
But while I've got my kids to love me, I think I'm rich enough.
I'll just thank God for the blessings that His mercy has bestowed.
I'm drinking from the saucer, 'cause my cup has overflowed.

If God gives me strength and courage when the way grows steep and rough,
I'll not ask for other blessings, I'm already blessed enough.
May I never be too busy to help bear another's load.
I'll be drinking from the saucer, 'cause my cup has overflowed.

- Anonymous

The best way to clean a frying pan that has burned food cemented to the bottom is to let it soak in soapy water for several days and then, when nobody is looking, throw it in the garbage.

If you find yourself standing in front of the refrigerator asking yourself whether you're hungry, then you're not.

Wiley B. Bullington
(by son, John William, better known as Johnny)

Family Record Update Since 1991 Reunion

First of all, I would like to correct an error in the original book, on the last paragraph, page 207. Betty returned to the work force as an administrative assistant at a local physician's office, but is not a resident of Athens Convalescent Center. She, Bill, and I still live at 508 N. Hine St., Athens. Mother spent her last days in the nursing home after her mental and physical state deteriorated to the point that we could no longer care for her at home.

Although we are the smallest family of the original Bullington clan, several significant events have occurred since the 1991 reunion. On November 11, 1994, my mother Willie Clanton Bullington passed away after having lived the last 3.5 years in a nursing home. She was the last survivor of the original 'patriarch/matriarchs' having lived 6 days longer than Uncle Clifford's widow, Aunt Ruby. Of course, their passing marked the closing of a chapter of a great family of honest, hard working people who demonstrated to all who knew them the value of honest toil, fair dealing, and Christ-like living. They most certainly left us a heritage that succeeding generations must carry on.

In May of 1995, Betty and I were privileged to tour ten European countries for three weeks along with two other couples. This was a self-guided tour which we planned for several months. We traveled around Europe by train on a ticket which permitted unlimited travel anywhere in Europe, including the former Eastern countries, for 21 days. We had many memorable happenings on this trip, but one of the most enjoyable was our visit to Munich, Germany, where we lived 35 years ago when I was in the army. We located the house we lived in and visited with the German family with whom we lived. The lady of the family, now about 50 years old, was a young girl of 16 years of age while we lived there, greeted us at the door and immediately exclaimed, "You're John Bullington from Alabama!". This was a shock to us as she was unaware we were anywhere in Europe.

On July 15, 1995, our tribe increased. Our daughter, Beth, was married to Shannon Jordan. At the end of the Spring Quarter, Beth graduated from Athens College with a degree in business and went to work for Athens Limestone Hospital in a private doctor practice. Her husband, Shannon, is pursuing a degree in MIS at Athens College while working as a computer technician at a local computer firm. Our son, Bill, continues to attend Athens College and works at a local TV/appliance store.

After I retired from Monsanto in 1985 on an 'early out', I returned on six different occasions to work as a contractor. My last tour was completed in June, 1995.

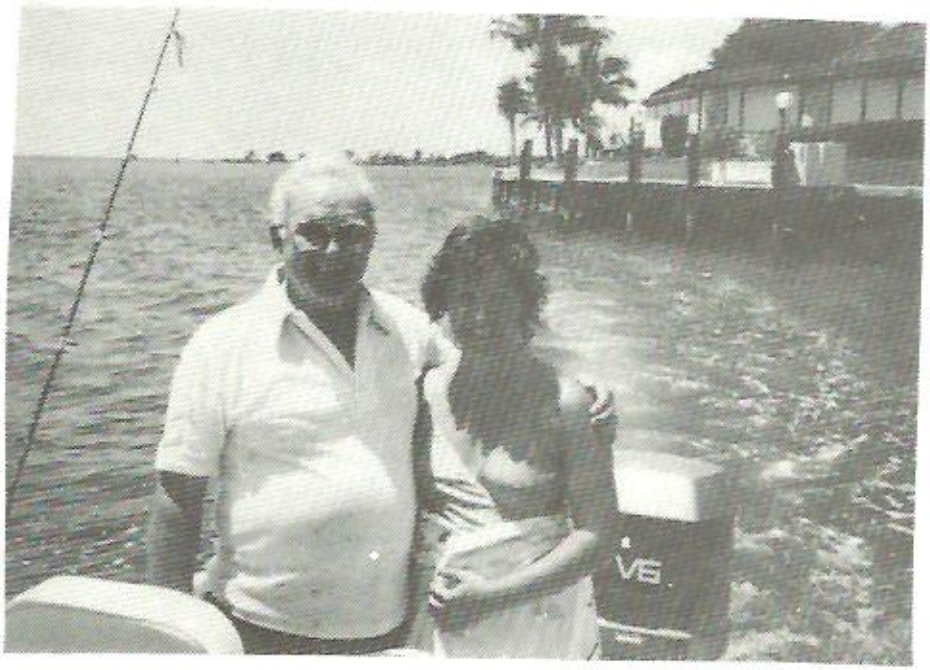
In April 1995, Betty resigned from the local doctor's office where she had worked part-time for the past nine years. She has enjoyed her recent activities and plans for a more leisure time to pursue other interests.

John William Bullington
July 18, 1995
508 N. Hine St.
Athens, Alabama 35611
Tel: 205-232-5191

Memories of Uncle Wiley Bullington
by nephew Tom Bullington

A very pleasant and warm personality.
Always friendly and considerate.
Enjoyed seeing me and my brothers in tug-of-war.
Kept one of the best team of mules in the community
Always had one or more 5 gallon jersey cows.
A first class carpenter as well as a productive farmer who grew high yields of cotton and corn and baled his own hay which was Japlespedeza and sometimes bean hay. Back then the hay baler was power driven by a mule.
An accomplished song leader at the original Market Street Church of Christ in Athens.
A man that if he was your friend then you could depend on him through thick and thin - loyal, dedicated and thought out the situation.

October 28, 1995



Florida Keys (1989) Tom Bullington Sr and Daughter, Amy B. Cooper

Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren of Vea Bullington Brackeen and John Brackeen
by: Elna Toone
(granddaughter of Vea and John, daughter of Carlous and Etta Brackeen)

(Since there wasn't a lot said about this generation in previous articles for "Cross the River", I decided to do this type of article for the supplement)

In general our generation has the same values of service and hard work as our grandparents did. Most are members of the Lord's church and workers in their home congregations. We have song leaders, Bible class teachers, those who can preach as needed, and helpers in whatever needs to be done by Christians. In connection with this, a few years ago when Nathan and his wife Debbie, moved to Wilsonville, AL, there was no congregation of the church there. So they invited a few Christians they found in the area to meet in their home for services. They grew in number and in a little while were able to buy and renovate the old post office building there. They now have a growing congregation and even support some mission work. Nathan has done quite a bit of the preaching and Debbie helps with Bible classes among other things.

We are also workers for the betterment of our communities and our country. Martha Ann Reece, Joan Lovell, Joey Toone, his wife Rebecca, and Nathan Brackeen are school teachers now and Elna Toone was a teacher for 17 years, and Bud's wife, Jean, for longer than that. Keith and Glenn have been and are carpenters, among other things. Phillip and Wayne (Bud) have done a number of things in their life's work. They are a lot like Daddy was in that they can all do a number of things and do them well.

All the girls, Cletis Brooks, Yu-Vawn Blakely, Cornelia Pepper and Nancy Bullington, as well as those already mentioned, and all the boys' wives, are faithful wives and mothers and always helpful to those who need their help in any way, as Grandma and Granddad and our parents did before us. Cornelia and Nancy have both been foster parents for children who needed that care and Nancy and Will Ed were considered as parents by those they cared for most of their school years. The men are all faithful husbands and fathers and always ready to help neighbors as needed.

In the area of work done for our community, Keith and his boys are all volunteer firemen as is Milburn Reece at Pleasant Grove, across the river. J.C. Toone and his son Tim are volunteer firemen at Owens and since this work is a family affair in almost every case the wives are hard workers for this also.

On May of 1995, the first two great, great grandchildren of John and Vea Brackeen graduated from high school. Bart Shannon, the grandson of Glenn, and Jason Toone, the grandson of Elna are those graduates. Jason also won, with a Computer Project in a Supercomputer program contest, a 4-year fully paid tuition scholarship to UAH in

Huntsville. We hope that these and other great, great, grandchildren will continue the heritage of those early forbearers of ours.

We are truly a part of those who have preceded us and we hope that we are able to instill in our children and grandchildren those same good American values and Christian values that will help them make this country a better place to live as did our forbearers.

Things I Remember at Pleasant Valley
by
Tom Bullington
October 28, 1995

The bee hives at Uncle John Brackeens and the delicious honey with well formed honeycomb. Usually you took a jar home with you.

The grape arbor. It was always loaded with the purple concord grapes and you were permitted to stand under the arbor and eat all you could hold.

Aunt Vea's pie safe. You had several selections. It was difficult to choose because all of the pies, cakes, and cookies were all so good.

The big telephone that you rang by turning the handle. Aunt Vea was the operator for that area and it was known as Lola.

The big lot leading to one of the barns with a sloping hill leading down into a valley. There were many large hardwood trees - white oak, red oak, ash, hickory, and maple. Uncle John loved his squirrels and did not allow you to hunt them. He had them quite tame as he fed them to keep them that way.

News from the Martin Hughes Bullington and Crystal Holleman Bullington Family of Gould, Oklahoma (Harmon County in Southwest Oklahoma)
August 13, 1995

Michael Hughes Bullington, grandson of Thomas Wallace Bullington, and his family moved from Irvington-on-Hudson, New York to Long Beach, California in March 1995. Mike works for Mission First Financial, an unregulated investment subsidiary of Southern California Edison. Robin begins a one year psychology fellowship at UCLA Harbor Medical Center in September. Eight year old Ross Bullington also starts something new in September - third grade at Lowell Elementary. Newly added family member, fourteen month old Clark Bullington, gives the rest of the family the joy of watching him start something new every day.

Mark Bullington and family, Sherry (wife), Nicholas, Holly, Leslie Ann and Saylor are all living in Gould, Oklahoma. Nicholas, Holly and Leslie Ann ride the school bus to Hollis schools each day, as the school at Gould closed at the end of the 89-90 school year with only 83 students in 13 grades. Mark and Neff's wife, Bettye, have spent the last 2 1/2 years - '93, '94, '95 - writing and assembling the Gould School History Book which arrived from press in time for the Easter alumni meeting of 1995. Sherry continues to work at the ever growing bank at Gould. She is city treasurer and is now using her knowledge of computers and finance to help get the economics of the city public works and city government converted to cyberspace.

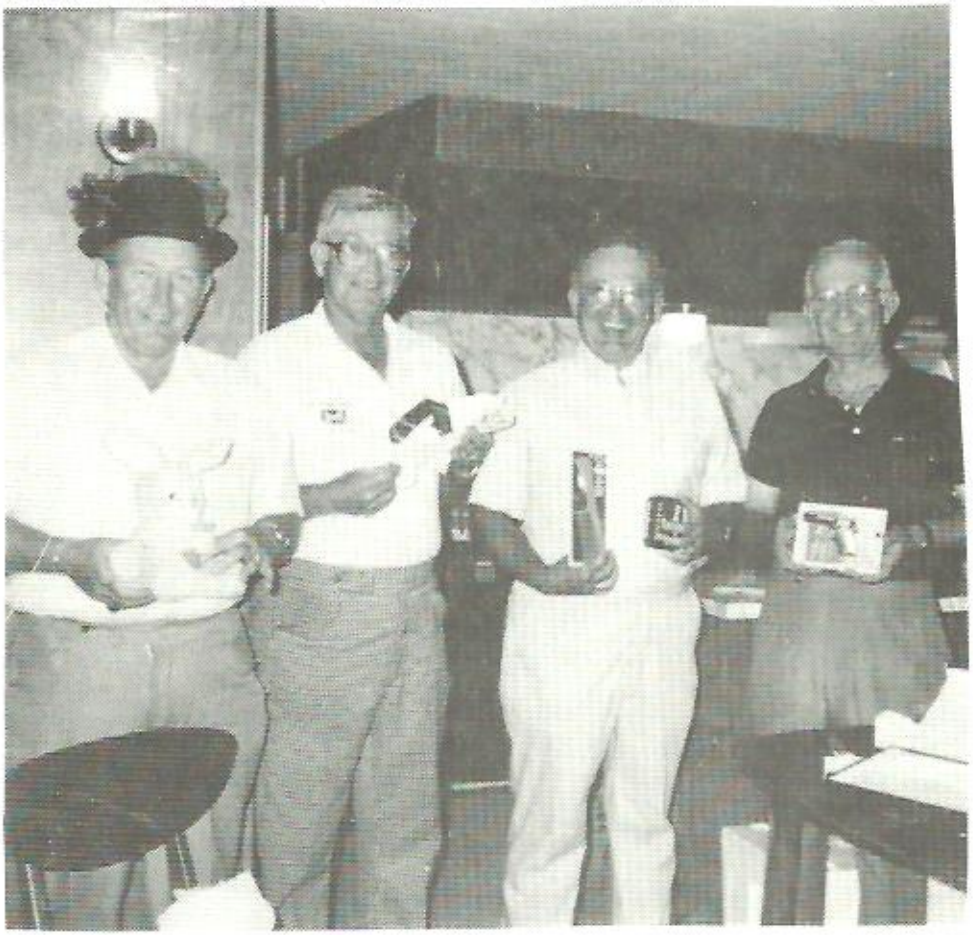
During the summer of '95, the kids enjoyed their first visit to Six Flags Over Texas and hoeing in Mark's cantalope and okra field. Of course, the most enjoyable part of hoeing is when you stop! The most memorable thing in Mark's summer was the 9 1/2 inches of rain that tropical storm Dave dropped on Gould and most of S.W. Oklahoma on August 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of 1995.

The life of the Burk Bullington family (T.W. & Vera's grandson - Martin & Crystal's youngest son) has continued with a few changes since '93. Burk was appointed to the Harmon Electric Association Board of Directors. He and Mitsi have made several R.E.C. trips, with their favorite being Orlando, Florida, the site of the '95 National Convention. They did, however, make time for some sight seeing in the City. Mitsi is now supervising the delivery of mail at the Altus Post Office. Ankret Meggi (11) is in the sixth grade Middle School, Margo Lenore (9) is a fourth grader and Martha Moore (6) is starting the first grade this year at the Hollis grade school. Meggi and Margo were selected as cheerleaders, so the Bullington household is full of a lot of pep and steam! On occasions the toot of the trumpet is even heard. Fellowship with the family and cousins are enjoyed by the Burk Bullington family. The girls, Burk and Mitsi, along with grandmomma (Crystal) and the Mark Bullingtons attended the reunion in Alabama in September of '94. The girls will never forget the memories made, especially their first airplane flight. They visited the Space and Rocket Museum in Huntsville, which was very educational for the kids. Also, a tour of the area given by John and Betty Bullington was great. The kids now know what Muscadines are. With three girls and their school activities, along with life on the farm, Burk and Mitsi still find the time to go camping and have fun as a family.

News from Gould (cont.)

Crystal Bullington, wife of the late Martin Hughes Bullington, still lives in her country home on the farm that Thomas Wallace and Vera bought after they moved back to the Gould area from Alabama. Around the first of 1995 Crystal had cataract surgery which she thinks is a wonderful modern day miracle. She still enjoys her volunteer work at Harmon County Historical Museum. She teaches a children's bible class twice a week at Gould Church of Christ. Her three sons and their wives and nine grandchildren, 11 years and under, are the joy of her life. With them around, she is never lonely nor bored. She says it is fascinating to watch their physical and intellectual growth. God willing, she will spend many more years in her home on the farm.

Crystal Holleman Bullington
August 13, 1995



L to R:
The Bullington Brothers
(Sons of Clifford & Ruby)
Wilburn
Wallace
Tom
J.C.

Game Night at Family Camp (about 1987).

News from Neff Bullington Family
(by his wife, Betty Bullington)

After twelve years as County Commissioner, Neff retired 01/01/95 and is living a very easy life at this time. Terry and Tim took over Neff's farming and ranching operation. We took a two week trip to Jerome, Idaho in July 1995.

I helped Mark Bullington publish a history of Gould School. It took three years, but it was worth it. We are very pleased with its success.

In August 1994 Terry was asked to return to Ft. Riley, Kansas, to be inducted into the First Infantry Division Hall of Fame. Terry was serving in the Army in Saudi Arabia.

His award read.

Distinguished member of the 37th Armored Regiment. In recognition of distinguished service to the United States Army and the Nation, as well as outstanding contributions to the 37th Armored Regiment, and Recognition of Achievements in Perpetuating the Lineage, Honors and Tradition of the Regiment.

Col. Terry W. Bullington is hereby appointed as a Distinguished Member of the 37th Armored Regiment. Presented this 16th day of August, 1995, at the First Infantry Division and Ft. Riley, Kansas.

Terry and Cindy returned to Ft. Riley, Kansas, in May for their son Timothy Scott's wedding. Timothy Scott took his Commission as a Lt. on May 25, 1995. He was sworn into the U.S. Army Medical Corps by his father, Col. Terry W. Bullington. He graduated from Kansas State University the same week. On May 27, 1995 Timothy Scott married Kelly Cocklin (born 04/04/72) in the Main Post Chapel at Ft. Riley, Kansas. Kelly's father is a chaplain in the U.S. Army.

Terry and Cindy's daughter, Carie Ann, is in college at Western Oklahoma State College in Altus, Oklahoma, and works for United Grocery in Altus.

Our daughter Vicki and her family moved to Jerome, Idaho, in November 1994. Her husband Jimmy Cleveland is in construction work, building homes. Vicki is busy being a mother to her two youngest daughters Lacy 10, and Kelly 4. Her son Tommy lives in Amarillo, Texas, with his daughter Samantha Jo. Vicki's oldest daughter Shannon lives in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Our son Tim Reed, is farming and ranching for himself and Terry. Tim's wife Jana is the vice-president in the First State Bank of Gould, Oklahoma.

Their daughter, Cassidy, is an eighth grader. The Jr. High football team selected her as their "Football Queen." She is also in her third year as a cheerleader and she plays a clarinet in the Hollis Band.

Their son Micah Reed is a sixth grader. He was a member of the Grade School's basketball team, plays saxophone in the Beginner's Band, and also is a member of the 4-H Rider's Club. He showed pigs for the first time in the county, District, and State Livestock shows. His awards ranged from Grand Champion, Reserve Champion onto some lesser awards for his swine.

A NICE VISIT

In August of 1995 twenty six Bullington's (including spouses) met in the Banquet Room of the Welcome Inn in Athens, Alabama, to honor and have fellowship with Colonel Terry Bullington of Saudi Arabia who had flown to Huntsville, Alabama, on a mission for the Army. A tasty dinner, followed by music and songs by Tula Merle and James Craig was very much enjoyed. Terry delivered an unusually interesting talk on Life in Saudi Arabia which was followed by a question and answer period.

Two days following this family party it was Tom and Jean Bullington's pleasure to have Terry in their home in Fayetteville, Tennessee, for an afternoon and evening visit.

Excerpt of Letter from Terry dated 7 October 1995

I would like to ask you to help me answer a question if that is possible and not too much trouble. While we were in Athens someone asked me if I had heard of the possible discovery of Mt. Sinai in the northwest region of Saudi Arabia. I think the person that asked me was J.D. but I'm not certain. Just yesterday I was informed that not only is that a good rumor, but a book has been written about its' discovery.

We were aware that a Saudi military unit had been assigned a mission to guard a site in northwest Saudi Arabia. Their mission was never explained to us, but the location they guard coincides with the reported location of what is believed to be Mt. Sinai. The area is very large, several hundred acres enclosed by a fence. My U.S. Air Force friends are installing a very large radar system in the area and they brought the location, book and story to my attention. Supposedly the site contains the ruins of the very specific items such as the altar, drawings of the worship of the golden calf, and the caves associated with Mt. Sinai. All of these items referred to in the Bible. If this is of interest and you can determine for sure who asked me about it, I will continue to provide information if desired.

The book is titled "The Mountain of Moses - The Discovery of Mt. Sinai." It was written by Larry Williams and published in 1990 by Wynwood Press of New York. The ISBN is 0-922066-45-0. I will try to find a copy for myself when I am in the states later this month. At the very least I will borrow the copy my friend has and read it for additional information.

I have enclosed a couple of pages from the book that I made copies of. I have also included a rough map of Saudi Arabia so you can get a better appreciation for where Mt. Sinai might be located. We have a very large U.S. military group at Tabuk that I visit often. I may try to get to the area where the mountain might be on one of my visits to the area. I put a red mark where the book shows that Mt. Sinai is located. I hope this helps. If you find the person that asked the questions and they want more information, just let me know. I'll try to contact you when I get to Alabama.

Terry W. Bullington

July 6, 1995

UPDATE ON THE JOHN CLIFFORD and RUBY HUGHES BULLINGTON FAMILY

by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

Since the first Bullington Reunion on September 7, 1991, in Athens, Alabama, almost four years have passed. The second reunion was held the first Saturday in September in 1994 in Athens with John W. Bullington of Athens as its chairman. Tom Bullington, Sr., served as chairman of the 1991 event. At both reunions the fellowship, meeting kin never before met, the group singing, the delicious food, the talented music makers, and the commentaries by selected Bullingtons, all was exciting and enjoyable. Wilburn Bullington of Montgomery, Alabama, and Lake Jordan, will serve as the chairman for the next reunion. No announcement has been made.

I have written and requested from one representative member of each of the ten original patriarchs/matriarchs that were born and reared in western Limestone County Alabama, an update and report from their respective family group. Hopefully this will add interest and balance to this Vital Statistics Supplement to "Cross the River" book.

Deaths, weddings, births, graduations, change of addresses, employment's, experiences, and noteworthy events may have occurred during the past few years when the writing of "Cross the River" was initiated.

Ruby, the wife of John Clifford, Sr., died in Fayetteville, Tennessee, while a patient in the Donalson Care Center (Nursing Home) on November 6, 1994. She would have been 98 years of age on her next birthday, Feb. 9, 1995. She had never entered a hospital for treatment or care until her 95th birthday when she experienced a mild stroke which affected her ability to stand and walk. Her mind remained normal the rest of her life.

1. J.C., the eldest child and son of Clifford and Ruby died from a heart attack on March 26, 1994, while dressing for a birthday party in his home in Auburn, Alabama. He would have been 75 on May 15, 1993. J.C. was married to Mary Edna Rogers of Marion, Alabama, who died in 1981. They had three children as listed below:

Beverly Ann (elementary school teacher) and married to James Ford. They live in Clanton, Alabama. Beverly has two children, David Walker (CPA of Birmingham) and Bryan Walker a recent graduate of Auburn University and now in pharmacy school.

Nancy LaVerne (homemaker) married to Dr. James R. (Jim) Whatley (orthopedic surgeon) of Opelika, Alabama. They have three children, Carolyn, Mary Brunson, and Rodman who are all enrolled in their respective schools.

Dr. John Clifford III (an anesthesiologist) of Birmingham. He is married to Laurie Thompson. They have three daughters; Mary Shaffer, Allison, and Anna Claire, all under 12 years of age.

2. Tom is the next child of Clifford and Ruby. He is 73 years of age and is married to the former Martha Jean Black of Georgia and Alabama. They met and dated while both were attending Auburn University and now live in Fayetteville, Tennessee. Their six children are as listed below.

Dinah Jean is married to John H. (Jack) Richardson (real estate and insurance). They live on a farm near Fayetteville, Tennessee. They have two sons; John H. Jr. of Fayetteville, a recent University of Tennessee graduate who will be attending law school starting this September. Paul, the second son. will be a junior at the University of Tennessee this fall.

Betty Ann (Office Manager) is married to Richard (Rich) Brown, (business and financial manager for the Department of the Navy). They live in Zionsville, Indiana, which is on the outskirts of Indianapolis. They have two children, Wendy Nacole, a sophomore at Indiana University and Jason Michael, a freshman at Indiana University. Rich was a pilot in Viet Nam during that war. Betty is a graduate of Abilene Christian University.

Thomas H. (Tommy) lives in Fayetteville, Tennessee, and is an independent insurer. Tommy has two children, Thomas H. (Tom) III and Bethany Jean. They are in junior high and elementary schools.

Tallulah Wray (Tulah) married Frank Williamson. She has recently moved to Huntsville, Alabama. They have no children.

Mary Lisa married Thomas G. (Tom) Schaffner of Indianapolis who is employed with GTE. They presently live in Woodstock, Georgia near Atlanta. They have three daughters; Susanna Jean, Lauren Ashleigh, Haileigh Ann, all under 12 years.

Amy Leigh married Bruce G. Cooper of Davie, Florida, who is a Lieutenant with the Florida Fresh Water Game and Fish Commission. They live on the St. Johns River near Palatka, Florida. They have two daughters; Casey Jo and Katie Leigh, both under eight years of age. Both Amy and Bruce are Auburn graduates.

3. Ruby Wray, the next child and only daughter, married W.R. (Bill) Smith of Arkansas. They are now retired and live in Columbia, Missouri, where their two children live. Their first child, Susan Wray lives near her parents. She has one son, Jim Vickers, a recent graduate of the University of Montana. The second child, W.R. (Billy), is a PhD. professor of marketing at the University of Missouri in Columbia. Billy and Nora Lee have two sons, Derrick and Damon , both under ten years of age.

4. Wilburn Gilmore is married to Jean Black of Athens, Alabama. They spent most of their working lives in Montgomery but are now retired and live on Lake Jordan near Wetumpka. They have two sons, John Andrew (Bubba) and Steve. Bubba is married to Joan Bradley of Crestview, Florida, and they live in Mobile, Alabama. He is in sales with Alfa Insurance. They have three children; Drew (a son), Ashley, and Amy, all under fourteen years. Steve, who received a law degree from the U. of Alabama and is now affiliated with Alfa Insurance, Inc. He is married to Erin Kennedy of Sheffield, Alabama and they have two children; Nathan and Emily, both under ten years. They live in Montgomery.

5. Foy Wallace is married to Valrie Darden of Port Arthur, Texas. They have lived all of their married lives in Abilene, Texas. Wallace is a retired football coach and athletic director. He is presently the Director of the Annual Family Conference in Dallas under the direction of the Herald of Truth. They have three children; Brenda who is married to Jim Dickson. They are both employed in education in Houston, Texas. They have two children; Stephanie and Ryan of school ages. The second child, Laurie, is married to Dr. Greg Mums (family practice) of Rockwell, Texas. They have three

children; Alan, Phillip, and Tyler, all of school ages. Wallace Bradley (Brad), the third child, is completing his senior year at Abilene Christian University. He is single.

This is the first year in a long time that the Clifford and Ruby family failed to hold a 3 day family camp. It was scheduled for Hot Springs, Arkansas this summer with Wallace's family the hosts but had to be cancelled this spring due to a combination of schedules that made it prohibitive.

Tom, Sr. has recovered quite well from an extremely critical car accident on June 27, 1994. He was in Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville for 13 days and in intensive care trauma unit for 14 days. He says special thanks to all for their prayers and concerns. He is O.K. now.

Tom has had quite a number of requests for the book "Cross the River", but has been unable to fulfill the requests as it was a "sell-out" early after publication. If anyone has a book or books that they would like to sell for the purchase price it will be appreciated if you would contact Tom Bullington at 615-433-1473. There are several family members who desire this book who failed to subscribe and there are no more available.

After "supper-time" as a boy during the warm months and in the early years of the Great Depression in the early and mid 1930's, this was a relaxing and fun time. After the dishes were done and the left over food was put away, the parents and adults would join the children at play either in the backyard or the frontyard, depending on where the children were romping and running and screaming. This had a purpose. The adults needed some rest from a long day's work (before daybreak until dark) and they needed the bedrooms to cool off as there was no air conditioning nor ceiling fans nor TV to watch. Even radios and floor fans were just arriving and they were scarce items. Nine o'clock was the usual bed check time for children. In order for working parents to obtain sufficient rest and to arise to begin the next day around 4:00-4:30 AM then it was important that all family members be in bed by 9:00 PM - no exceptions except on week-ends and very special occasions. You were notified once by parents as a reminder. The second reminder might require a switch or razor strap. A third reminder was unheard of!

Left to Right:
Ruby Wray
Ruby (Mama)
W. R. (Bill) Smith
Jean (Tom's wife)
(about 1989)
Carrollton,
Alabama.

News from Preston H. (Tubby) Davis
(Eldest son of Vona Bulllington Davis and Oscar Davis)
812 Greenwood Drive, Greensboro, N.C. 27410
Telephone: 919-292-6760

Preston and Louise's son, Dr. Jamesie Caldwell Davis owns a very successful orthodontics computer business. His company employs about ninety-five people. They do business in 49 states and internationally. He and his wife, Betty Ann, live at 3564, Tuxedo Road, Atlanta, Georgia.

Jamesie's son, Shane, who is Preston's oldest grandson, graduated from Law School at the University of Alabama in May of 1995. He was to take the Bar Exam in June. He is looking forward to being an attorney in Georgia.

Preston and Louise's daughter, Dr. Gay Nell Davis, is in administration with the University of North Carolina in Wilmington. Her address is 2544 Confederate Drive, Wilmington, N.C. 28403. Telephone: 910-763-1455.

Preston and Louis have four grandchildren. They are Michael Shane, James Preston, Ashley and Amy Lane.

Preston and I correspond quite frequently and I appreciate everything that he has done to make "Cross the River" book and "Cross the River," Part II book a success in their being published.

Tom Bullington
September 1, 1995

Looking Back at Visits to Oscar and Vona Davis

In the late 1920's and throughout the 1930's my older brother, J.C., and I would visit here several times a year. With Preston, Prentis, and Paul there was always some fun in store. It might be boxing at the Oxford School or bulldogging calves in the pasture, swimming in the pool, possum hunting at night, corncob fighting, or almost anything a boy could dream up. We always had a good time and there was never a fee involved in the acts of providing entertainment. We always had lots of delicious foods of every variety, plenty of calorie burning exercise, and worlds of laughter. Ballgames were serious but well disciplined. We played to win!

Tom Bullington

NOTE: Louise Cribbs Davis, the wife of Preston Davis, died on December 4, 1995. She was buried in Roselawn Cemetery in Athens, Alabama.

News from Prentis Glenn Davis and Syble Eubanks Davis Family
(Prentis, the son of Vona Bullington Davis)
August 22, 1995

Our summer has been hectic trying to beat the heat. Hurricane Felix gave us some cooler days and nights.

During the last three years, we have followed our grandson, Doug, with his baseball games. This has been a joy to us. We especially enjoyed the game when they beat Decatur. With pride he did well in his role as a pitcher. When we reminded him of this he would say that we taught him. This all ended on May 25th when he draped himself in a graduation cap and gown.

Doug worked part time for Winn Dixie super market chain. He has more hours available now. His birthday on August 25th is a hold back for full employment. He is expected to enroll in courses at John C. Calhoun State Community College this fall.

Our great granddaughter, Taylor, turned three years on June 27th. She has begun to take ballet dancing.

Another granddaughter, Angie, lives at 1801 Toll Gate Road, Huntsville, Alabama. Tina, another granddaughter, lives in Orlando, Florida. She recently visited us for two weeks but has returned to Orlando to continue college.

Mildred Ann, our daughter, continues to work at Athens Cleaners. Being that both she and Doug work in Athens, she has put her house up for sale.

The following sums up Prentis and Syble:

Who changed everything when we weren't looking?
We've noticed lately that everything is farther away than it used to be. It's even twice as far to the corner. And they've added a hill! The stairs are steeper. Newspapers are smaller print. There is no sense in asking anyone to read out loud. Everyone speaks in such a low voice we can hardly hear them.

Material in dresses is so skimpy, especially around the waist and hips - almost impossible to reach shoe laces. Also sizes aren't the same. The 12's and 14's are so much smaller.

Even people are changing. They're much younger than where we were at their age. On the other hand people our age are much older.

I ran into a classmate recently. She had aged so much and she didn't recognize us. While thinking about our poor dear friend when combing my hair this morning, I happened to glance at my own reflection in the mirror. Really now, they don't even make good mirrors like they used to!!!

Best Wishes to All,

Prentis and Syble Davis
20612 Temperance Oak Road
Athens, Alabama 35611

News from Wilburn G. Bullington Family

My present address is 300 Dogwood Drive, Titus, Alabama 36080 and located on Lake Jordan about 25 miles northeast of Montgomery. Telephone is 334-567-9353.

Wilburn is retired from Alfa Insurance Corporation. He holds a BS degree from Auburn University. His business interests are: 1) Retired, 2) Farming (commercial catfish, rice, and cotton in S.E. Arkansas Delta County), 3) Wash clothes (owns two self service laundry's in Montgomery and 4) Owner of Shopping Strips.

His wife, Jean, is a housewife and stays busy with family and church activities.

Birthdays are Wilburn 07/28/29 and Jean 04/21/30.

Wilburn has been an Elder for many years in the 1100 member Vaughn Park Church of Christ in Montgomery, Alabama. He continues to serve in this office.

Wilburn and Jean have two sons, John Andrew (Bubba) and Roy Steven. Their oldest son, Mike, died while in high school on 06/10/69. Mike was a quarterback on the highly rated Jeff Davis high school in Montgomery.

Bubba married Joan Bradley on 08/03/75. Joan came from Crestview, Florida. Bubba attended AUM and Joan attended Alabama Christian College. They live at 2463 West Road, Mobile, Alabama 36693. Telephone 334-661-5480. Bubba is employed in sales with Alfa Insurance and Joan is manager of a Day Care Center. They have three children, John Andrew Jr. (Drew) born 07/16/81, Ashley Amanda born 06/29/84 and Amy Leigh born 04/30/86.

Their second and youngest son, Steve, married Erin Maureen Kennedy of Sheffield, Alabama on 01/10/81. Their address is 4549 Woodledge, Montgomery, Alabama 36109. Telephone 334-271-2870. Steve received a law degree from the University of Alabama and is now employed with Alfa Insurance Corporation. Erin is a certified public accountant. They have two children, Nathan Michael born 04/08/84 and Emily M. born 02/08/87.

You might recall that Wilburn is the Chairman of our next big family reunion. No date or location has been determined at this time.

Wilburn (Gibby) Bullington
April 2, 1995

During September, October, and November you will find Gibby and Jean wherever the Auburn Tigers are playing football. They drive their motor home a day or two before the Saturday game date to a well chosen location near the stadium. Over the years they have established friendships with the other War Eagles doing the same thing. They have a grand ole party.

They have recently returned from a two week trip to upper New York, Niagara Falls, the Amish country of Pennsylvania and other points of interest. They enjoy the travels within the US.

Tom Bullington

FAMILY CAMP

by

SUSANNA JEAN SCHAFFNER

Hi, my name is Susanna Jean Schaffner. I have short red hair and blue eyes. My mom is Tom and Jean Bullington's 5th child and her name is Lisa Bullington Schaffner. I have two sisters, Lauren and Haileigh, and a dog named Sadie. I also have a daddy whose name is Tom.

Family camp has always been my favorite place to go in the summer. I am 10 years old and have gone to family camp every year that I have been alive. I always look forward to this event. From the first time I went to family camp, I can remember everyone I saw would sing "Old Susanna". That drives me crazy and they knew it did!

I was always sad when it was time to leave camp because it is one of the best places to be. Everyone is so loving and caring! We have two very special people to thank for starting "family camp" - Nannie and PaPa - known as Ruby and Clifford Bullington.

I knew Nannie but never knew PaPa because he died a long time before I was born. I wish I could have known him because I am sure he was a great person. I would also like to thank Pop and Dee Dee (Tom and Jean Bullington) for being the best grandparents. If you have not come to family camp or do not come much, please come back because it is the best place in the world!

Susanna Jean Schaffner
(daughter of Lisa and Tom Schaffner)
January 13, 1996

The Schaffners: L to R: Haileigh, Susanna, Tom, Lauren (Rear) Lisa. (1994).

December 31, 1995

What's In A Name?
The Bullington Name That Is.

A few days ago in early December, Jean and I attended a National League of Cities Conference in Phoenix, Arizona. This is the city of well over a million people that has been carved and created out of a desert. For five days there was not a cloud in the sky. The average daily temperature was 80 degrees. We visited the mountains near Flagstaff and we toured the cotton, milo sorghum, and alfalfa fields that first appeared in the western city limits of Phoenix. Yes, we saw numerous fields of long staple cotton that yielded 3 bales or over to the acre We saw huge stacks of square bales of alfalfa as long as a football field and as high as a six story building. These crops were renovated out of a dry unproductive desert. The key was irrigation water as it came from lake reservoirs to the north, the Salt River, and the Colorado River. Every bit of water you receive you must pay for as it's measured out to you. The water is expensive but it produces high yields of crops, citrus fruits, and vegetables.

I suppose we all have our shortcomings and odd ways. One of mine is looking in telephone directories when I visit a city in order to see how many Bullingtons are listed. There are a very limited number that I have found listed and sometimes none even in a good sized city.

When I glanced at the Phoenix directory both Jean and I were surprised to find the following Bullington names listed:

BULLINGTON:

Ann, MD 3300 N 2 St 602-266-6888
Betty M & John W
1638 W Mountain View Rd 602-997-0789
Bill E & Esther 7341 W Jenan Dr. Peoria 602-486-0661
Cheryl 14838 N 24 Dr. 602-942-9241
Curtis E 15006 Heritage Dr. Sn Cy W 602-546-4213
David W 10909 W Cottonwood Ln Avndl 602-877-3254
G 1548 W North Ln 602-678-1872
John D 2917 E Keim Dr. 602-955-4848
John W 1638 W Mountain View Rd. 602-997-0789
Keith 819 W Duke Dr. Tempe 602-838-1720
Keith & Arioine 4223 E Cassla Wy 602-759-6505
Laurel 209 W Lawrence Rd 602-265-0454
Lisa atty 2700 N. Central Ave. 602-274-8289
Lynn M 500 W Clarendon Av 602-230-9199
Maggie 4756 N 54 Av 602-846-2550
Robert Jr MD 3330 N 2 St 602-266-6888
Robert S 6800 E Camelback Rd Sctsdl 602-945-0434
Stephen A atty 3030 N 3 St 602-230-5600
Steve 245 W Flynn Ln 602-285-1912

Theta 9827 W Oraibi Dr Peoria 602-566-1053
Thomas 14383 N 24 Dr 602-942-9241
W M 602-967-0758
Wayne N 2339 W Northern Av 602-864-9864

Now, it might dawn upon you when old Nicholas Bullington and Cynthia Clarke Bullington married back in the Jamestown Colony days in the early 1600's and thus began to replenish America with Bullingtons that this was where it started.

Bottom: L to R:
Amy Bullington
Ashley Bullington
Emily Bullington
Top: L to R:
Nathan Bullington
Drew Bullington
The grandchildren of Wilburn and Jean Bullington.

J. C. Bullington, Jr.
of
Auburn, Alabama
War Eagle!

GRANDPARENTS' HOME A REFUGE FOR BROKEN FAMILIES

by: RALPH HASTINGS

When "Doc" (Dr. Thomas H. Bullington) asked me to write some of my life experiences for his new book, I felt that I wanted to do that to repay for the nights when I would call him about questions that our reference books had no answer--Questions that Vocational Agriculture students brought up in my classes during my many years of teaching agriculture in Lincoln County: at Blanche and Central High Schools.

A few examples of their questions: (1) When a sow is farrowing a litter of pigs, do all of the pigs come into the world head first like other animals that give birth to any one offspring? (2) Where twin calves are born to a cow, one being a heifer and the other a bull, why is the heifer called a free martin? (3) When a "bar" squirrel (a male without testicles) is killed while hunting, was the squirrel born this way or did the mother perform this as some older people thought?

Doc would also call me when there was something educational for the agriculture students to see. For an example, we had a serious outbreak of rabies one year. Horses, cattle and other livestock were bitten by rabid animals and had to be killed. He suggested one day that the students could see a rabid cow in a pen that was well protected and no danger involved. Each class was bussed to this location to view this animal. Many more stories could also be told.

"THE EARLY PART OF MY LIFE"

My life began January 22, 1919, in Petersburg, Tennessee. I was the youngest of five children -- all born in a period of six years and two months. My daddy had been a school principal of one classroom schools and a banker, and my mother was a housewife and never worked outside the home.

Within a year after my birth, my dad had left my mother and five children to go to the oil fields in the West and make a better life for us. This might have been one reason; another could have been to get rid of this fast-growing family. He never returned and being a year old when he left, I do not ever remember seeing him.

My brother told me that our grandfather and another man came in two wagons with mules and moved us to our grandparents' home. The trip (16 miles) took all day and into the night with my mother, five children, and our possessions. I would spend the next fifteen years of my life on the family farm, five miles from Fayetteville.

"SOME VALUABLE LESSONS"

On New Year's Day, a practice was carried out, not only in our house, but in every family connected to ours. This was that everyone in the house had to rise at four o'clock in the morning to "start the New Year right". You might have been lax during Christmas and this would let everyone know to get back to the business of making a living. The cows had to be milked and fed. The horses and mules (which consisted of many) had to be fed. The girls had to make the beds and clean the house. Then everyone sat down for breakfast and finished much before daylight on January the first.

There was never a time that work did not need to be done. As many as fourteen lived in my grandparents' home at one time. Everyone had many jobs. We raised almost everything that was needed, except salt, sugar, and coffee (the children did not get to drink coffee).

Some unpleasant tasks that had to be done, as nothing was wasted, were when animals died, the cows, horses and mules had to be skinned and the hides sold. The wool was pulled from sheep after they had been dead a day or two so the wool would "turn loose". This was in winter or spring. They had no wool in the summer as they were sheared in late spring and the wool would not show much growth until late fall or winter. Borden's milk plant moved to Fayetteville in the mid-twenties. There had never been a monthly check until then. My grandfather would not transact any business on Sunday; therefore, we did not sell any mil k on Sunday -- what could not be used in our house, we fed to the hogs. We usually slaughtered eight hogs in December to furnish us meat and lard for our yearly supply.

In the summer, on some Saturday mornings, our grandfather would describe a young billy goat and tell my brother and me to go catch it for weekend special meals. We would go over the hills and pastures and look until we spotted the herd of goats. We would then slip around until we got close enough to scare them. We would then make a dash with lots of noise. This caused their legs to stiffen up where they could not walk and some would fall to the ground. They would remain this way long enough for us to find the one our grandfather described and catch it. We would then take it back to the house for slaughter. Some people call these goats nervous goats. We just called them stiff legs.

Another meat supply in early fall was to belong to a beef club in the neighborhood. Usually, four or eight would belong. Each one belonging would slaughter a yearling or two year old steer or heifer. The meat was then divided among the number in the club. If eight belonged, this was done about every week. If four belonged, the slaughtering and dividing was not done until about two weeks or longer so that all the meat could be used before another supply was brought. There was no refrigeration available then. After this time, the weather was cool enough to slaughter hogs and cure the meat. This was a time of year that everyone looked forward to -- getting a plentiful supply of fresh pork.

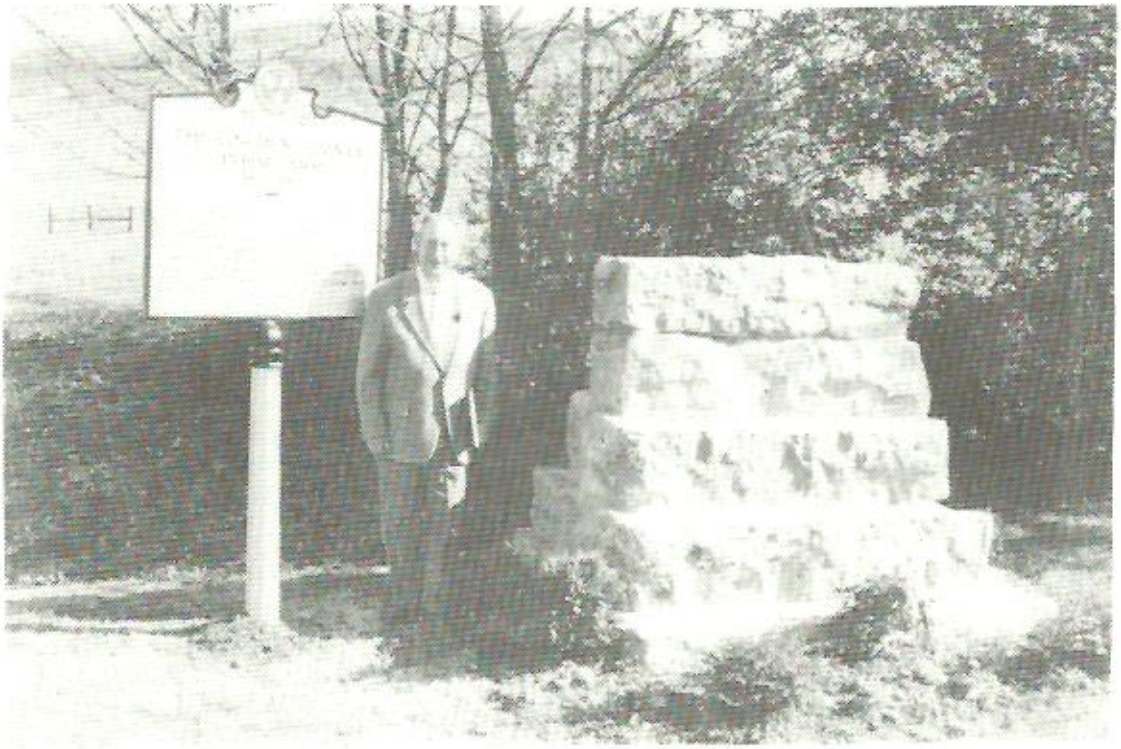
"THE END OF MY SECOND HOME"

My grandfather died when I was ten years old. His unmarried brother and an aunt of mine had already preceded him in death. Two of my first cousins had gotten jobs and moved from the home place. The depression was in full swing. Life was good, but making a living was hard. We had no way of knowing what the future would bring.

Six years after my grandfather died, my mother and grandmother died on the same day in our home place. This was on Sunday, March 10, 1935. Their funeral was the next day. By this time, one or two more had gotten to be adults and moved away. Few were left at the home place.

Plans were made to sell all the property in the fall. I was sixteen years old and would decide on my own where to go and what I would do.

The farm (156) acres, all the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, chickens, turkeys, farming tools, and household items were sold at public auction. The proceeds were divided. I was living in another county at this time. A minor could not receive their share until they were of age. When this time arrived, I went to the Lincoln County Courthouse and collected my share of the estate which was a total of seven dollars. We had enjoyed our family home. Always had plenty of food and many visitors. Time always brings change, and this ended my second home.



Ralph Hastings at Lincoln Co. Poor Farm.

Author's Commentary on Ralph Hastings:

Ralph and his wife, Janice, reside at 66 Molina Road, Fayetteville, Tennessee. He has one son, Joel Hastings, who is the principal at Fayetteville Junior High. He has three adopted sons, Bob Maddox, Steve Maddox, and Lee Maddox, and grandchildren.

In the true sense my friend of 45 years is a noble and highly respected servant of mankind. It seems that he is always available to do good unto all people. He steps to the front and accepts the lead in human kindness and benevolence. All great people are humble people. He is one! Ralph never projects himself to take credit for the countless acts over his lifetime that benefits his city, county, community, and nation.

He has many outstanding accomplishments. His adult life has been engaged in schools and teaching. He graduated from the University of Tennessee in agricultural education. He received a masters degree in school administration from Middle Tennessee State University. He has served as teacher and principal at Blanche High School in Lincoln County and as the vocational agriculture teacher and the assistant principal at Lincoln County High School.

Ralph served as Lincoln County Assistant Superintendent of Education from 1972-1976. He served as Superintendent from 1976-1980.

Ralph served actively in the Army in World War II and was called back in 1946 to serve as an Escort in the return of remains of deceased United States military personnel. He has been the Commander of his local American Legion Post and has also served as adjustant.

One of his projects that he is extremely proud of is the establishment of a historical marker on site at the Lincoln County Tennessee Poor Farm. It was mostly through his efforts that this was completed.

Ralph has served as a Lincoln County Soils Conservation Supervisor for 24 years. He has served and is presently serving as its chairman. A soils survey map has recently been completed. He also served as president of the State of Tennessee Vocational Agricultural Teachers in 1969-1970.

He was one of the leading participants in "contributing and furnishing" to the establishment of the Lincoln County Museum, especially the farming tools of our early 1900's and memorabilia from the American Legion.

Ralph and Janice attend the First United Methodist Church in Fayetteville. He is also a past member of the Fayetteville Rotary Club.

He may call himself as being retired, however, he remains a very active person in community affairs as well as his farming interests in Southdown sheep and Shorthorn cattle.

He has an unusual talent of producing effect in whatever he does. I'm glad he's my friend!

by Thomas H. Bullington, Sr.
January 12, 1996

Ralph was responsible for the new bridge across Cane Creek on US 431 being named "The Lincoln County Veterans Bridge.

Spending the Night

by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

About the only major extra curricular event, other than school activities would be spending the night away from home with a school friend or neighbor friend. If boy friends spent the night with one of us, we could always manage to coerce our friends to pitch in and help do the chores such as milking the cows, feeding the horses, mules, and hogs, and shelling corn, this before supper. Feeding and caring for the chickens was the farm homemakers job (Mama). Chickens were a valuable commodity and Mama didn't want anyone else to do this unless she instructed them. Ruby Wray often helped. On Saturday morning we had the same thing to do plus cleaning out the hen house, gathering corn, repairing fences, hoeing out the garden, cleaning out fence rows, and most any needed farm job. We would manage to complete our assignments in time to ride horses, swing down saplings, go squirrel , rabbit, or quail hunting, swimming in the creek, or playing ball. Extra help made sense. You got through with your work quicker which left more time to play. Yes, we cherised friends to spend the night with us, expecially town boys who had little or no work to perform and since this type of endeavor was new and different to them they thought it was fun. Once in a while during watermelon season and apple maturing season, we might have slipped and borrowed a few of our neighbors melons and apples. They didn't mind too much for his sons did the same thing to us. Berry patches attracted us at times.

When we asked our parents about spending the night with a friend we could always tell from what Daddy first said whether or not the answer would be yes. If he spoke of us crying to come home in the middle of the night or told us to be sure to clean your plate then we knew the answer would be yes. If he forthrightly said something like, no not this time, then we knew not to press the matter. If we asked Mama about spending the night her answer would be that we would need to get your Daddy's permission, too. There was no reason to state that we would get our chores done before leaving nor stating that they would be done the next morning even though we wouldn't be at home It was understood that we would need to make our own arrangement to finish our work assignments even if we had to return early the next morning. Usually I would arrange for my older brother, J.C., to do double duty and handle my jobs. Then I would owe him one and thus would do the same for him. Wilburn and Wallace followed the same pattern. Mama would take care of Ruby Wray's responsibilites if she spent the night away. It was a great feeling to spend the night away from home and it cost not one penny. It was almost as much fun as people have now when they go to the Gulf Coast.

Discipline in the Schools

by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

Mrs. Bessie Smith was my first grade teacher. She was also a neighbor as she lived on a neighboring farm located about one mile northwest of ours. Mama liked her from the start as she was ambitious and dedicated and demanded discipline. But she didn't overdo discipline as she wanted her students to develop originality and initiative. I do remember her having certain students that didn't follow the rules and requirements and them having to go to the blackboard that hung in front of the class and wait for her to draw a white crayon circle about nose high. The first grader must stand facing the circle and put his/her nose in this circle and keep it there for a spell of 5, 10, or 15 minutes. Sometimes Mrs. Smith would discipline by having us sit beside her desk while the class went out at recess to play.

As we progressed in grades the paddle and ruler came into play. In Miss Louise Ryan's fifth grade class the boys would bend over and receive licks with a paddle. The girls would have to hold their hand out facing up and the teacher would "ruler spank" the inside of the hand. Both boys and girls would have to drink baking soda in a glass of water if their talk was disrespectful or ugly.

In Junior High and Senior High, breaking the rules meant staying in after school. You could receive one lick with a paddle for every 15 minutes of "staying in" time. The girls also would be required to stay in after school and sometimes be assigned cleaning chores. Mr. Holmes Turner applied the paddle in Junior High. Principal John Wilson, Coach Melvin Vines, Ag Teacher Dusty Rhodes, and other men teachers swung the paddle in Senior High. If the smokers got caught on school property then they had to face the punishment. I cannot recall any of the boys breaking the news to their parents that they were recipients of the paddle because they knew that they might get another one and even worse. I've heard of some teachers using switches at certain schools. We always experienced paddles and rulers at the Athens schools.

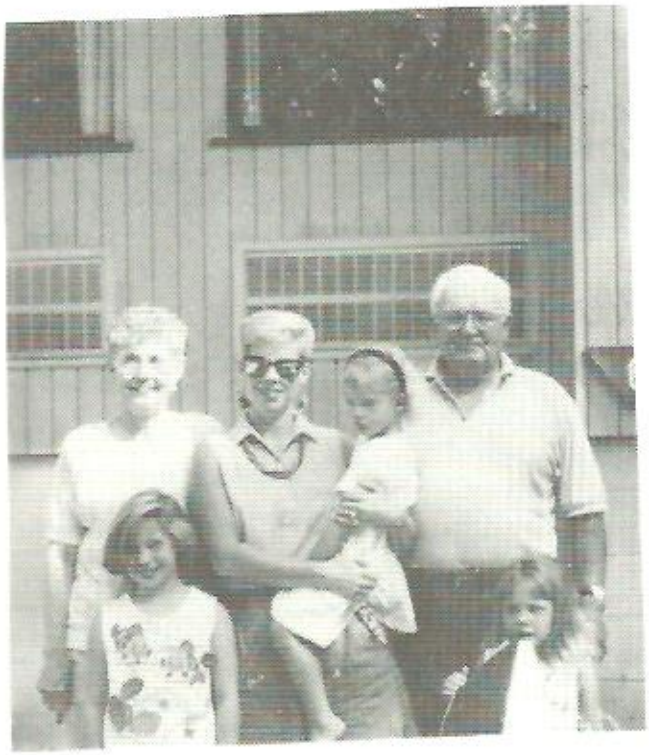
Yes sir, yes m'am, no sir, no m'am, were responses that were the normal and that were demanded from the teachers. To say merely a no or a yes was considered to be disrespectful. We were not allowed to wear hats or caps in the classroom. And no one that I can remember wore a cap backwards or on one side anywhere on school property. You would have been shamed by your fellow students if you did such a thing.

These simple rules made better men and women out of us I am certain. We respected those teachers that firmly demanded discipline.

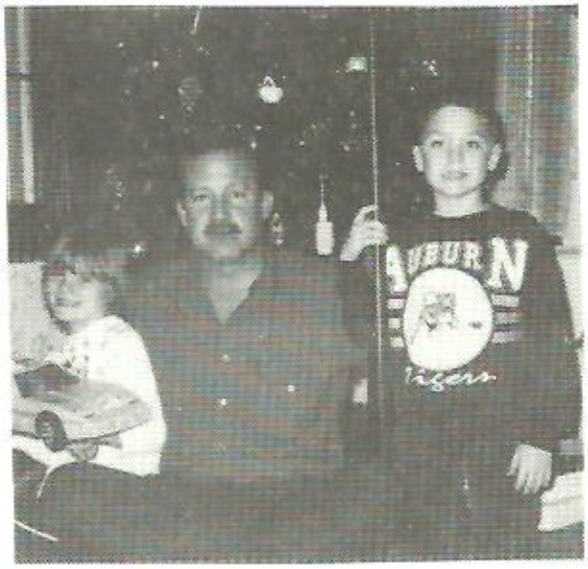
Country Haircuts During the Great Depression

by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

Speaking of haircuts there were only three kinds. Predominantly the regular cut was called for with no long hair and regular short sideburns and the hair clipped along the back of the neck. A few boys would ask for a crew cut, sometimes called a burr cut, and once in awhile you would see all the hair clipped off the top which I have heard termed "onion head". Our parents could not afford sending their sons to the barber and pay 15 or 20 cents every few weeks. At my house my father had hand clippers (non electric) that he used on us for haircuts. He saved a dollar on four boys when it came time to "trim our wool" as we termed it. What he failed to pull out with the clippers the seldom sharpened blades in the clippers took care of the rest. All that was needed for the job was a cane bottom striaght back chair to straddle, a large sized fertilizer sack towel to fasten around the neck, a barbers ten cent comb, a pair of hand clippers, and a shade tree in the backyard.



Children Left to Right:
Susanna Schaffner
Haileigh Schaffner, Lauren Schaffner
Adults Left to Right:
Jean Bullington, Lisa B. Schaffner
Tom Bullington, Sr.



Left to Right:
Bethany Jean Bullington
Thomas H. (Tommy) Bullington, Jr.
Tom Bullington III
(about 1992)

In the 1920's and the 1930's

by Thomas Harold (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

The Milk Well

The first thing that I can remember when about 4 years of age was watching our hired hands and a neighbor dig a milk well located about 30 feet from our backdoor on Browns Ferry Road. This was done by pick and shovel and ropes and buckets. The well was round in shape and had a diameter of about 4 feet. The dirt was hauled to the top of the ground by pulling the rope with a full five gallon bucket of dirt. The rope was fed through a windlass mounted on a support frame to make the upward haul of the dirt bucket pulled to the top with much less effort. After the 40 or 50 foot deep well about the same circumference throughout its' depth was completed, then a concrete curb was poured over and around the well top with a 1 1/2 to 2 foot hole left in the middle to lower milk, butter, meat, and other foods down into the well. Iron rods were placed upright in the concrete curb near the curb opening to tie off the ropes after the watertight buckets and cans of food were lowered down into the well to where the food buckets and milk cans were halfway emerged into the cold water at the well bottom. Sometimes after completing the digging of the well it would take a few days for the water to seep into the bottom. The water would seek its' own level in depth and usually would be several feet deep in a good well. The water at this depth would be quite cold and would serve the next thing to a refrigerator - no maintenance, no power bill, no spare parts - just elbow grease and back bending. Our family called this well the milk well and we used it on a daily basis. We would lower big aluminum milk cans with handles and a tight fitting waterproof top down into the well until we heard it touch the water with a splash sound. We would then lower it another foot and a half into the water as the cans were about 2 1/2 to 3 feet tall. We would place buttermilk, fresh milk, butter, left over food, certain meat cuts, and certain vegetables into these cans. As a supplement to our icebox it was worth a lot to us. The iceman would drive out the Browns Ferry Road (Sam Mitchell usually) in his ice truck on his route and we would buy one or two blocks of 50 pounds of ice, provided that we could locate fifty cents or a dollar to pay for it. This was in my period of life before we had electricity. After TVA established itself in the early thirties and we had power, we still used the milk well.

Good Eating on the Browns Ferry Road Farm

by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

I didn't learn that steak could be prepared but one way until I graduated from high school and went off to college at Auburn University. The only way that I remember having steak was fried steak known as country fried steak. You always had a bowl of brown thickened flour steak gravy to put on top or it. Sometimes Mama would cut up onions to mix in the gravy when she was skillet cooking it. I cannot ever remember my parents buying steak. Our steak came about as a result of us butchering a 200-400 pound well fed calf. This calf would still be nursing its mother's milk but would have access to eating with its mother. The feed for this cow and calf was cottonseed meal (or whole cottonseed) mixed with shelled corn. We grew our own corn and brought cottonseed back from the cotton gin where we had our cotton baled. We weren't concerned about providing a good mix with the cottonseed and shelled corn because the cow and calf would clean it all up anyway. Few people nowadays realize the food value of cottonseed. It provides roughage as well as its content of 40-44% protein. Corn is the number one basic food for livestock in America; is now and always has been. It is just about the number one food staple for farm families especially so if you include potatoes. We would share our freshly butchered calf with the neighbors that usually shared their freshly slaughtered calf with us. I also remember that we always gave a mess of fresh meat to the regular hands that worked for us. In a milk well and an icebox you could only keep fresh meat for a given period of time - everyone didn't have a milk well.

We had homemade canned pickles, homemade relishes, and other homemade food supplements that were made from vegetables we grew in the spring and fall garden.

The only store-bought dressings that I remember having were mayonnaise and ketchup. We usually kept mayonnaise most of the time but the ketchup supply was plentiful just now and then. We put mayonnaise on sausage and biscuit, ham and biscuit, onion sandwiches, and fresh killed hog meat. Most other sandwiches such as peanut butter also had to have a little mayonnaise. We simply didn't take to salad dressing. It seemed to have too much of a twang to it. Now we four brothers and one sister would fight one another over ketchup especially when it got low in the bottle. We even liked ketchup on loaf bread with nothing else on it. We called it "light bread" however. Besides putting ketchup on meat it even tasted good on beans and field peas. In order to make a dollar stretch, our father started buying mayonnaise and ketchup in gallon buckets from the A & P store. Even the six children that Jean and I claim are connoisseurs of tomato ketchup. Jean and I have at times challenged them to not eat so much ketchup but this only seemed to whet their tastes for it. At times I would refer to my girls as "Miss Ketchup" or the
"Ketchup Queen". This had no effect on lessening their liking of the tomato by-product. So we always keep one or two big bottles of ketchup. The brand doesn't matter. We like it all!

Now green salads were not part of our meals. On special occasions Mama would prepare slaw and a fruit salad, maybe ambrosia, but a tossed salad or regular lettuce salad was not part of our menu. We would sometimes have lettuce with ham gravy on it. The lettuce we always grew was converted into kraut that fermented in huge crock containers. We would peel off a few leaves of a lettuce head and place on an onion, peanut butter, and mayonnaise sandwich. I just cannot remember in growing up having a green salad with cut-up tomatoes, onions, bacon strips, etc; mixed in it. Italian dressings, french dressing, ranch dressing, cheese dressings, and the like were unknown to me.

Tenderloin from freshly killed hogs and calves was considered to be a delicacy. Fresh pork ribs were a top choice. Fresh backbone could hardly be beat. We liked fresh liver, too. It seemed to have a better taste when fresh. Of course we sacked lots of sausage, cured lots of hams and shoulders following hog-killing. I ate cured hams and side meat so often that I began to shy away from both. All of us four boys would go crazy over store bought breakfast bacon which we only experienced when visiting cousins or city friends. Following hog killing and rendering lard we enjoyed that good ole hot crackling cornbread.

Of all the meats spread on a farm family's table, there were none that could exceed the chicken. This was the farm wife homemaker's pride. There were so many ways that the chicken could be cooked and served - fried, baked, chicken and dumplings, chicken and dressing, barbecued, casseroles, stews, and chicken and rice. When company called or wrote that they were coming for a few days visit the the fryers, roosters, and hens had better take notice as they were sure to be included as a part of the table fare. I've seen fried chicken served for breakfast, dinner, and supper on many occasions, but not on the same day and none of us ever got to where we didn't like it. Cold winter weather meant chicken stew laced with corn, tomatoes, okra, and other handy vegetables. Sunday dinner found us eating a baked hen and dressing, with vegetables, certainly so if the preacher or relatives and his family came visiting.

Breakfast time found us sitting at the table with ham, sausage, eggs, molasses, butter, and lard biscuits (big ones) before us. The biscuits were cooked in the oven of a big iron cook stove fired by wood (at least until TVA supplied us with electricity). Always a glass of milk was beside our plate. At special times a glass of homemade tomato juice appeared by each plate. Doing the livestock chores and certain other assignments before the breakfast call sure made growing boys and a girl hungry. The big breakfast prepared you physically for a full days work if it wasn't a school day. When Uncles and Aunts and their children visited overnight with us we seldom missed having two or three big frying sized chickens with big fluffy lard biscuits and white flour gravy as a part of the breakfast. It was unusual to see left over fried chicken on the table. We raised chicken breeds such as barred rocks, domineckes, Rhode Island reds, leghorns, and wyandottes. It didn't matter. They all tasted good.

February 5, 1996. This letter edited by Inez Bullington Norwood was so unique and interesting that I must include it in "Cross the River, Book II". by Tom Bullington

SHALAM

By Inez Bullington Norwood

Tom & Jean,

First of all, I want you to know that I did not deliberately forget that it was Christmas and that you are still on my list of friends! This past year I was blessed with an experience that I wanted to share with you and perhaps this letter will explain why I waited till after the first of the year to write you.

This past year I was blessed to go on another evangelistic campaign. Bro. James Long had a group to go to the island of Nevis in the Caribbean. It was a bit different in that the island is much "slower" than Trinidad, but it was very encouraging. There are two congregations on this small island (35 sq. miles in area) and their work with us was most helpful. Our group was most congenial and worked hard and well together. Plans are being made for another campaign this spring on St. Marteen, which is nearby. I am so thankful to the Glendale Road church for their financial help that makes this possible.

A real highlight of this past year was Thanksgiving when all five of our offspring got together in Nashville for a wonderful visit together. It was the first time all five have been together with me at one time since M.F.'s death. Only part of the grandchildren were able to be present. Our clan is very scattered, and to get all 36 together is difficult, but perhaps we can see this become a reality before too long.

In October, it was determined I could make a trip to the Holy Land with a tour group from Nashville to extend from Dec. 28th to Jan. 10th of 1995. Paul, our third son, went with some of this same group last year and was planning to go again on this one. He assured me this would be an awesome journey and I realized that if I was to ever make such a tour, it would be best to do so when some of the family could go with me.

It is still hard for me to realize that this really happened to me and it was everything, and more than I expected! We literally went from Dan, in the north, to Beersheba in the south - and beyond! We spent two days and nights in Tiberias, located on the Sea of Galilee. Among the places visited while there: Caesarea, Mt. Tabor, Megiddo, Mt. Carmel, Capernaum, Magdala, Tabgha, Mount of Beatitudes, Caesarea Philippi, Nazareth, and Cana of Galilee.

We then traveled toward the Dead Sea and spent some time at a lookout on the Jordan River. We were able to visit En Gedi (a beautiful cave site where David spared Saul's

life), also Bet Shean, where Saul and his sons were hung on the wall after being killed at Mt. Gilboa. After one night on the Dead Sea, we visited the ruins of Masada. The cable car ride up that mountain was breath-taking, but after reading about it, I velieve the Snake path would have been more so! This was the last stronghold of a handful of Jews against the Roman Government after the destruction of the Temple in AD 70.

We spend two nights on the Red Sea at EiLot, a very modern, and favorite recreational spot. Here Solomon had a strong navy which King Hiram of Tyre trained. It is said by tradition, that the Queen of Sheba met Solomon here, but the Bible says she came to Jerusalem. Could it be that he sent an entourage there to meet her?

Our last four nights were spent in Jerusalem, where we had two entire days to tour that city and go into Bethlehem. My impressions of the city of Jerusalem are varied and my emotions, mixed. It would seem that the garden of Gethsemane is authentic. Golgotha's exact site is debatable as well as His burial site. The Mt. of Olives, of course, is the same. And as I stood there, I could surely envision the Lord's weeping over the city. Here three great religions of the world, Jews, Muslims, and "Christians" vie for strategic locations and lay claims to some of the same sites - apparently for commercial and/or prestigious purposes.

Traditionally, the cemetery on the slopes of the Mt. of Olives will be an advantageous burial spot for the Jew and Muslim when the judgement comes. (In the very shadow of the Temple Mount.) From the Mt. of Olives, one may see many Jews make long prayers over whitewashed tombs, then reach for a nearby stone and place it on top of the crypt. The guide informed us that they are saying to the departed, "We have prayed for you and may our Messiah soon come!"

It would be impossible to tell all about the trip in this short letter, but I did want to share some things about it. Other than the joy of walking through these Bible Lands and riding upon the Sea of Galilee with one of our sons, it was my good fortune to have a long time friend from Delaware, Ohio as my roommate. Edith Warner Andrews is one of the daughters of the former Bro. and Sister John Warner of Dayton, Ohio. That is where M.F. began his first "located" work and they were truly parents away from home during some most trying days.

God bless you and may 1996 be a most blessed year for you and yours! Pray for me that I may continue to be used for good, and to the glory of His name.

In Sincere love,
Inez

Epilogue

by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

Hopefully, these stories and vital statistics of the members of the Bullington family will renew memories and provide family names and locations and stories that future generations can appreciate.

It was impossible to include chapters from all. I wish that I could have.

I wish to express my deep appreciation for all those who contributed towards the completion of Book II. For the second time I give profound thanks to my daughter, Betty Bullington Brown and her husband, Richard, who were responsible for the typing and finalizing the pages for the printer. They made corrections several times.

Especially I offer appreciation to Preston (Tubby) Davis, the son of Vona Bullington Davis and Oscar Davis. Preston was extremely generous in donating funds to aid in meeting the expenses of publishing.

L. to R: The Amy Bullington Cooper and Bruce Cooper Family: Amy, Katie, Bruce, Casey. (Xmas 1995).

Epilogue

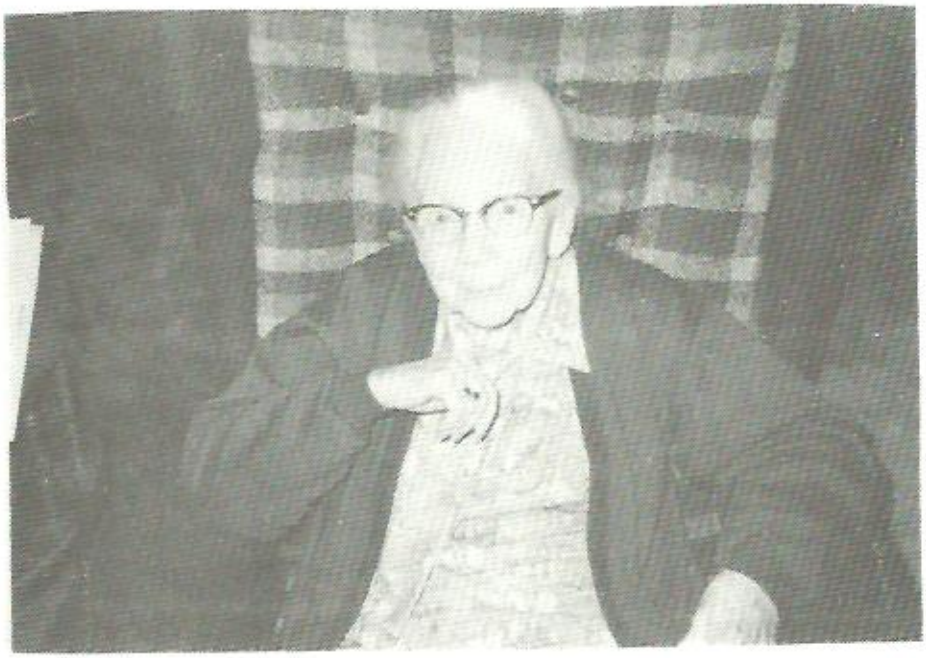
by Thomas H. (Tom) Bullington, Sr.

Hopefully, these stories and vital statistics of the members of the Bullington family will renew memories and provide family names and locations and stories that future generations can appreciate.

It was impossible to include chapters from all. I wish that I could have.

I wish to express my deep appreciation for all those who contributed towards the completion of Book II. For the second time I give profound thanks to my daughter, Betty Bullington Brown and her husband, Richard, who were responsible for the typing and finalizing the pages for the printer. They made corrections several times.

Especially I offer appreciation to Preston (Tubby) Davis, the son of Vona Bullington Davis and Oscar Davis. Preston was extremely generous in donating funds to aid in meeting the expenses of publishing.

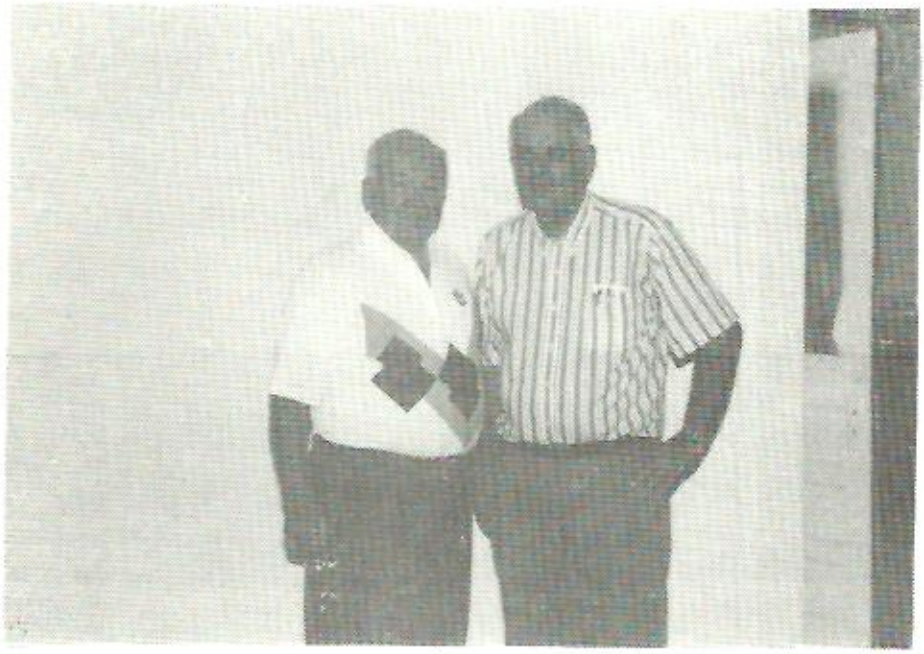


Ruby LaVerne Hughes Bullington
(Mrs John Clifford Bullington, Sr.)
Age 95 – Fayetteville, Tennessee.

L to R: J.C. BULLINGTON, SUSAN SMITH FLOWERS, MAY B. SMITH,
TOM BULLINGTON, LOUIS BULLINGTON
FAMILY REUNION SEPT 7, 1991

L to R: THE T.W (WALLACE and VERA) BULLINGTON FAMILY - 9/7/91
BULLINGTON REUNION - SEPT 7, 1991 - ATHENS, ALA.
Mark, Sherry, Crystal, Burk, Mitsi, Neff, Bettye, Terry, Carie, Mike.

VERA MARTIN BULLINGTON
(Late 1980's).
Gould, Oklahoma



L to R: Tom Bullington and John W (Johnny) Bullington
Sept. 7, 1991.

The Three Betty's
L to R: Mrs John W. (Betty) Bullington.
Mrs Neff (Bettye) Bullington
Mrs Richard (Betty Bullington) Brown
Sept 7, 1991.

L to R: Wray Bullington Smith, Tom Bullington
Wallace Bullington, Bill Nelson (1993).

L to R: Terry Bullington, Neff Bullington,
Ruby Hughes Bullington, Mark Bullington,
Mike Bullington, Burk Bullington
(The Oklahoma Bullingtons with Ruby)
Sept. 7, 1991.

L to R: J.C. Bullington, Ruby Bullington, Jean Bullington.
1988 - Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Erin and Steve Bullington

Casey and Katie Cooper (1984)

L to R:
Tulah Wray Bullington
and
Jean B. Bullington
(mother)
about early 1960's

L to R: Jean B Bullington, J. Paul Richardson, Tom Bullington

Wray Bullington Smith and husband Wm R. Smith, Sr.
Lake Jordan near Wetumpka, Alabama (at Wilburn's)

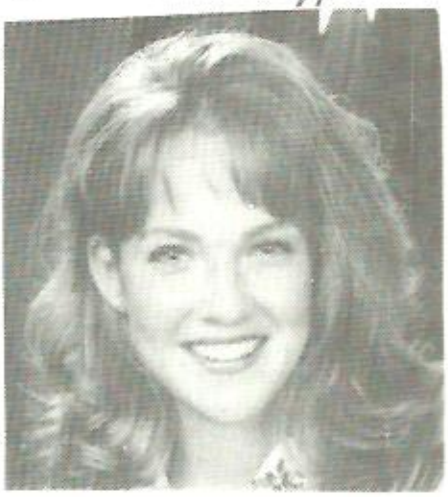
L to R:
Richard Brown
Betty Bullington
Brown.

The John Andrew (Bubba) and Joan Bullington Family.
L to R: Joan, Amy, Ashleigh, Bubba, and Drew.

L to R: J. C. Bullington, Jr, John C. Bullington III, Carolyn Whatley, Allison Bullington, David Walker, Mary Shaffer Bullington, A friend, Nancy Bullington Whatley.

Tommy Bullington
Lisa B. Schaffner,

Wendy Nacole Brown
(daughter of Betty
Bullington Brown
and Richard Brown)



L to R: Steve Bullington, Jean Bullington, Erin Bullington
Bottom: Nathan Bullington, Emily Bullington.

Dinah Jean Bullington Richardson
John Holt (Jack) Richardson, Sr.
Christmas in 1989.

THE BULLINGTON FAMILY - ABOUT 1930 - ATHENS ALABAMA

L to R: Seated: Blanche, Andrew, Eddie, Joe, Vona - Standing: Clifford, Wallace, Vea, Wiley, Mack